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THE

WANDERING ISLANDER,

VOL. II.

W. ANDERSON & CO. LONDON



THE
WANDERING ISLANDER;

OR, THE
HISTORY

OF
MR. CHARLES NORTH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

— IF YOU HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

CHESTERFIELD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY, YORK-STREET,

ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.

M,DCC,XCII.

WANDERING ISLANDER

OF THE

HISTORY

MR. CHARLES NORTH

IN THE VOYAGES



LONDON

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD

1841

Price 10s. 6d.

INTRODUCTION.

FRIEND.

I CANNOT say that I have read over your work with any degree of attention, but must confess that it does not smell of the lamp.

AUTHOR.

I am sure you read it with all the attention it deserves ; and, as to the lamp—I would almost as soon that it smelt of St. Luke's.

VOL. II.

FRIEND.

INTRODUCTION.

FRIEND.

I find you do not intend to prefix your name to it.

AUTHOR.

Do not you know there is more pleasure in begetting than in fathering children?

FRIEND.

But why do you conceal your birth-place?

AUTHOR.

Perhaps, as I have already noticed, there is more pleasure in conjecture, even on trivial subjects, than you are aware of.— And now what does Tristram say? Why he says, “I would go fifty miles on foot, for I have not a horse worth riding on, to kiss the hand of that man, whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author’s hand,—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore”—so far master Sterne: but I would go twenty miles farther to kiss the hand of such

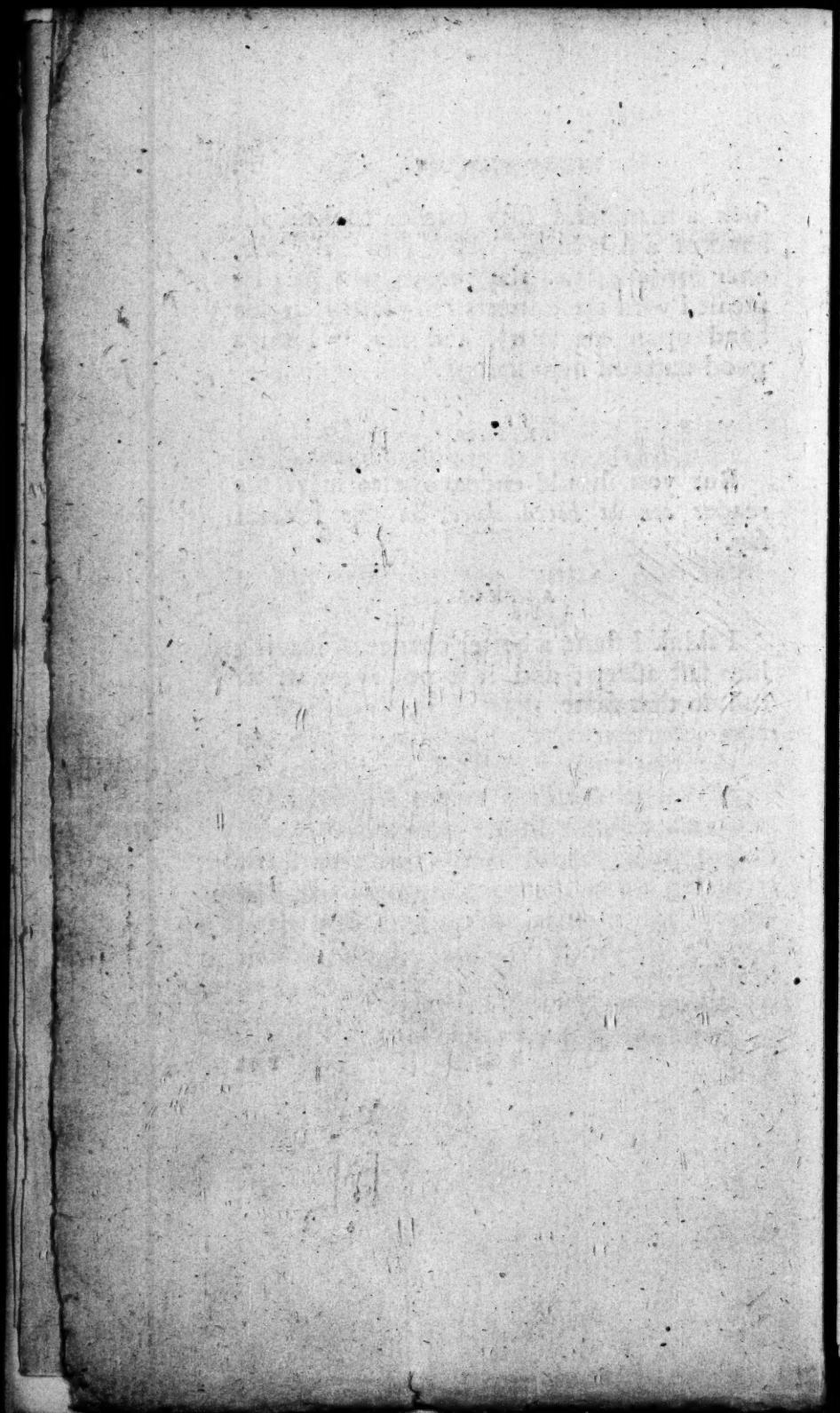
such a man, and fifty farther to kiss the hand of a fair lady. And now I declare, once for all, that the reader who can be pleased with these sheets may safely lay his hand upon his heart, and say, "I am a good-natured man indeed."

FRIEND.

But you should endeavour to leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*, as the Italians say.

AUTHOR:

I think I stand a better chance of leaving him fast asleep; and it is not every writer can do that same.



THE
WANDERING ISLANDER, &c.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE next morning we repaired to the palace, where I was introduced to the family, which consisted of his lady, five sons, and two daughters, the eldest of the latter seemed to be about eighteen years of age; and if the charms of Elvina had not been full in my eye, I would have allowed her to be extremely handsome: the youngest had

not accomplished her ninth year; yet, in my opinion, she excelled her sister in point of accomplishment, but not in affability. The Vice-Queen seemed very anxious to maintain her dignity, and which by no means sat easy upon her—short a time as they had been in the castle it had undergone a total change, the garden was wholly neglected, and the woodbine, which had heretofore wreathed itself in Gordian twine around the casement of Elvina's window, was entirely torn away; but what grieved me next to this was, to find that the Viceroy had removed the trophies which had so long ornamented the town-house, under the pretence of placing others of a more durable nature in their stead. It was in vain that I took the liberty of acquainting him, that the ancient Greeks preferred trophies of wood to those of stone or brass; at the same time I observed, in order to soften the remark, that this custom was not so common
amongst

amongst the Romans. In fine, the only pleasure which I enjoyed in my visit was, that I had the unspeakable satisfaction of reposing in the apartment in which the beloved Elvina had so often reposed before me. In a short time the governor's real character began to appear: taxes were imposed without any necessity, and the tongue that could not flatter, or the knee that could not bend, had no business in his presence; his avarice and ambition knew no bounds, nothing but conspiracies were talked of, when it was well known they did not exist. Mr. Smith, whose patriotism on all occasions rose superior even to the fears of death, was immediately seized on, and consigned, with many of the natives, to prison, whose attachment and loyalty to their Sovereign were well known—his lady would have shared the same fate, had she not been prevailed on to escape under the favour of the night. Notwithstanding the terror into which

this had thrown the whole island, I was determined, at the risque of my life, to visit Mr. Smith, who by this had been removed to one of the most loathsome dungeons that ever I beheld—it was placed under ground ; he was not permitted scarce to see one of his friends, nor so much as a little straw whereon to stretch his limbs, which were heavily laden with irons—a glimmering lamp, which only served to exhibit the horror of the cell, supplied the chearful light of the sun, from whence he had been so lately snatched ; it is impossible to conceive what I felt on seeing the good man in this situation ; I was happy, however, to catch an opportunity of letting him know that Mrs. Smith had effected her escape, and that the children were well. In a short time after he was brought to trial ; and as he was not so much as permitted to call one evidence, or even to speak in his own defence, of course he was condemned,
as

as the judge was one of the governor's creatures. A few days before his execution I was permitted to see him—his smiles on my entrance brightened up the gloom of the prison: having discoursed with me for some time on the arrangement of his worldly affairs, he asked me, with great composure, if I had learned on what day his execution was to take place? I thought it would not be acting the part of a friend to conceal it from him, in consequence of which I told him that it was fixed for the Thursday following (this being Tuesday) on this he covered his face, and wept so bitterly that I could not help bearing a part in his sorrows, though I was determined on my entrance to maintain all the fortitude imaginable, lest I should unman him. Having spent some time in prayer, "Now," said he, "I never was more composed in my life; I only wish that the fatal moment may be over as soon as possible, lest it come to the ears of

Mrs. Smith ;"—the rest of the sentence was so interrupted with tears, at the mention of her name, that I could not make it out—He requested of all things that I should visit him the next evening, which I accordingly did, and was happy to find him entirely composed and resigned to his fate—I left him such books as I thought would arm him against it—I was very happy to find that he had made the best use of them.—“ I have just got through the last of your books,” said he, as I entered, “ I am sorry that I do not understand the language well enough in which it is written, to comprehend all that the author has said on the subject of death: I shall be obliged to you,” continued he, “ if you will look over this passage and assist me in comprehending it.” As the severer part of this tragical event dwells so strong upon my memory, I hope you will permit me to give it at large, for which purpose I shall reserve it for my next.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER II.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AS you were kind enough to indulge me in my last request, in return I shall not tire you with what I find myself so ill qualified to execute—an Introduction.

Accordingly I took the book, as his eyes were dim (with tears) and read the passage, which I happened since to find in English ; but I am sorry to say, very far inferior to the original *. Having talked somewhat of matter, and spirit, that

* “ Vile composition, earth inspir’d with breath,

“ Man, that at first wert made of dust and tears,

“ And then by law condemn’d to death ;

“ When wilt thou check thy lusts in their careers ?

“ Change all thy mirth to sorrow, and repent

“ That thou so often didst just heav’n offend ;

“ Deplore thy precious hours so vainly spent,

“ If thou wilt ’scape such pains as have no end.

“ The

that matter is capable of thought said I, is what I cannot as yet believe ; these are things, 'tis true, far beyond the ken of human knowledge ; our senses are exceedingly gross ; there cannot be a greater proof of this, than the very air in which we breathe, which cannot even be perceived by the eye, which is undoubtedly the most finished organ of the body*, and which one of the fathers

“ The gaping grave expects thee as its right ;

“ 'Tis a straight place, but can contain with ease

“ Honour, command, wealth, beauty, and delight,

“ And all that does our carnal senses please.

“ Only th' immortal Soul can never die,

“ Therefore on that thy utmost care employ.

AYRES.

* From our birth we are plunged in air, and doomed to live at the bottom of an ocean of it, like the fish at the bottom of their element ; so that we can live but a few moments deprived of it. Although it is an incontestible truth, that every cubic inch of our bodies sustains twelve pounds weight of air, of course, that a man of middling stature is pressed by twenty thousand pounds

thers has very justly observed to be next to the soul, at least it is the casement at which the emanation of the Deity oftenest delights to appear. I have often compared our situation in this world, to that of a person destined to reside on a green spot, in the

pounds weight of this fluid ; yet by the uninformed multitude, such an assertion would be laughed at, as most extravagantly ridiculous. The unphilosophic observer sees the air put in motion, tear up trees by the roots, overturn houses ; he sees the birds, it may be said, swimming on it ; and, at this day, air-balloons floating through it, carrying up men and baggage, without considering it as a weighty material substance ; he sees the water raised in the pump to above thirty feet, against its natural gravity, without perceiving the cause to be the superincumbent weight of the air on the surface of the well on which the pump is fixed, joined to the exhaustion of the interior of the pump, by raising the sucker ; he perceives the weight of a column of the atmosphere sustain a column of mercury of equal base, about twenty-eight inches height in the barometer, which, besides giving the weight of the atmosphere, and indicating its variations, has been used by late philosophers, as a means of measuring the elevation of the highest mountains.

midst

midst of a vast wood, which he may be indulged to penetrate a little, through the medium of certain vists; but in case he attempt to wander beyond them, it is a hundred to one if he ever gets back. God is infinitely wise—the frame of our bodies, the œconomy of this world, and the myriads of worlds which surround us, is sufficient to convince us of this : not a proposition in Euclid more demonstrable, not a moment of our life that does not convince us of his goodness ; the slighted contemplation assures us, that he has consulted our happiness in in all his works. Since he is then infinitely wise, since he is then infinitely good, undoubtedly he knows best how to dispose of us ; let us not therefore weary ourselves with conjecture, but fill, with resignation, the circle marked by heaven ; or, in the words of Mr. Pope,

“ Hope humbly then, with trembling pinion soar,
“ Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.”

Mr,

Mr. Smith. Yes, I am prepared to wait that great Teacher: convinced that he can triumph only over my body, I look on my soul to be in the same situation at present, with respect to my body, that my body is to the prison which at present surrounds me.

Author. The immortality of the soul appears to be a dictate of nature of the most savage nations, independent of holy writ.

Mr. Smith. In my conduct through life I always observed that I never was disappointed when I left any thing to Providence, provided I did my best; so that I am now perfectly resigned.

Author. I am happy to hear it—Saint Peter has very wisely desired us to “cast all our cares upon him that careth for us.” If we examine this globe, we shall find that the attention and benevolence of the Deity pervades the remotest part of it; nay, so far, that he has suited plants and inhabitants to their peculiar climates. If we take a survey of the system of the universe, we shall

shall find the same attention; the laws of attraction, or whatever other name philosophers are pleased to bestow on that unknown cause, are maintained without the least relaxation throughout the whole; this globe is said to be hung on nothing, and we are certain that it is, but we have ocular demonstration that the sun and moon are hung on nothing, if I may use that expression—Now the united endeavours of man could not suspend the lightest ball in the air for a few minutes in the same manner, unless it were filled with gas; so that we are certain, from all we see, that God is infinitely wise, we are certain he is good, and we are certain that all his attributes are infinite: such wisdom therefore no doubt has devised the most excellent scheme—it is our duty therefore to submit to it with resignation; it is the duty of the soldier to act up to the command of his General, without so much as once enquiring into the nature of his plan.

Mr.

Mr. Smith. Once more I repeat it, that I am perfectly resigned.—

The clock had now struck five—the executioner arrived, in order to knock off his irons, and to fix the rope about his neck, which he did with a great deal of gentleness, and as soon as he had done it he departed. The captain of the guard desired to be admitted, as he wished to speak a word or two with Mr. Smith. The moment he entered scarce could he refrain from tears, though perhaps a braver man never existed.—“Sir,” said he, “I have it in command from the governor to permit you to take leave of your children, and I shall be happy to render you every little service in my power.”—“I thank you, Sir,” said Mr. Smith, “I should be glad to see my children, if convenient.”—He was accordingly conducted to the chamber in which they lay, which was within about fifty paces of the prison: very luckily they happened to be asleep—the
the

the eldest was not five years old, and never did I see such smiling innocents before or since—I requested that he would not awaken them; he complied with my request.—I hope I shall never witness such a scene again—I was happy to find that his fortitude did not desert him; but when he came to take his final adieu of his eldest son, he could not refrain from tears—with much ado the officer and I tore him away.—Having got back to the condemned cell, which was bedewed with his sighs, he requested that I should read to him some portions of Scripture, to which I added the speech of an Indian philosopher, immediately previous to his execution: his spirits by this seemed to be quite calm. The curate paid us another visit: having joined for some minutes in prayer with the good man, just as I was raising him from his knees, the execution bell, as it was called, gave the first toll, at which he started—in an instant he resumed

sumed his former composure, and as the place of execution was not very distant, he requested that he might be permitted to walk, in company with the curate and me, which was immediately granted.—“Hail holy light!” I remember were the first words he said, on coming out of prison.—Having ascended the fatal tree, he presented me with a ring, which he requested that I would deliver to Mrs. Smith, as the emblem of endless love.—“Into thy hands I commend my spirit, oh God!” were the last words I heard him speak. His country has since raised a marble urn, with a suitable inscription to his memory, as a monument of his worth and her affections.

Perhaps I cannot do better than close this letter with the words of the dying philosopher, which I have just mentioned.

Speech

*Speech of an Indian Philosopher, at the
place of Execution.*

“ Friends and countrymen,

“ Some of you come here out of curiosity, and others out of affection : my whole life has been devoted to what I trust it should be devoted to, the benefit of my fellow creatures ; I have recommended the practice of virtue throughout all my life, and as precept without example avails little, I believe ye will all do me the justice to say I joined in what I recommended, and at this moment I feel the benefit of it—like a faithful steward that delivers in his accounts, I am not conscious that I misemployed a single moment, or embezzled the property committed to my charge ; it is true I have my failings as a child of nature ; I am and have been subject to weaknesses, but my Master is merciful ; I therefore await my audit with firmness, and if I shall be found to have done my
duty

duty as far as I was able, no more will be expected.—The sword of justice is tempered in the tears of mercy—the care and indulgence of Heaven is not merely confined to this little globe of ours, there are myriads of globes infinitely superior to this—there are globes much more luminous than the sun, they could not therefore be created for the use of this speck (which seems to be made up of the rest) because this speck in many respects can derive no advantage from them—the Almighty has created nothing in vain—to annihilate matter, or suspend being, can give him no pleasure;—can the florist take any pleasure in destroying his flowers?—No, he only plucks up the weeds—the poet is never so happy as in the animation of inanimate substance: how often does he lend the wood ears, and draws tears from the hardest rock?—That spark of immortality called the soul is sometimes so far buried in sensuality as to be scarce perceptible
—What

—What a difference there is betwixt man and man!—one man shall reason and think in a manner so far superior to another, that it is scarcely possible to believe that they are beings of the same species; and it is a pleasing reflection that those men who have carried their enquiries to the utmost pitch of human capability, have acknowledged the wisdom and the goodness of God, even in the structure of the meanest animal; hence the pleasure that arises from the pursuit of natural history and philosophy, these are the only studies worthy the attention of a rational being, when accompanied by mathematics.—I have read the book of nature attentively, and of all others it is the most profitable, and I do believe it is the only one that we should read; but be assured that it is not the only volume that the Deity has written, we shall read them in our turn; I hope by this time to-morrow I shall be perusing one of them. Like
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a centinel I have done my duty—I am commanded, and I am now ready to march ; I am persuaded that I have a soul—matter is fond of ease, the mind is fond of action ; when we are no longer able to move our limbs, imagination prunes her wing—when we are inclined to sleep, the soul delights in dreams, and in those dreams I am persuaded it converses with congenial beings. I do not drink my cup alone, numbers are about this instant to drink it—wherever I go I shall meet with fellow travellers.—Ye cannot, it is true, see the soul escape, your senses are too gross—ye cannot see the air which now envelopes ye.”

LETTER

LETTER III.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ABOUT a week after the execution of my beloved friend, as I chanced to be musing on the banks of a streamlet, which ran within some distance of our cottage, a young man came in haste, and told me that a person wanted to speak with me in the adjoining wood; to which I immediately repaired, in hopes that it might have been Mrs. Smith; but what was my surprise to find a lady, whom I had never seen before, bathed in tears—"Mr. North," said she, "if you value your life, you must immediately fly, for the governor is determined to have it: the guards are already in pursuit of you, and I doubt not but they are this instant at Mrs. Friendly's." On this she put a purse into my hand, and vanished. For a moment I stood motionless,

motionless, recollection however coming to my aid, I ran immediately to my bark, which I launched off, determined once more to trust rather to the mercy of the waves than to a tyrant who had already dipped his hands in blood.—Very luckily some provisions happened to be aboard—in the course of a few hours I was quite out of view of the island. The night approached, but it was a delightful one, scarce a breeze curled the vast expanse, whilst the moon shone in cloudless majesty; and as her image sunk in the deep, the coral groves seemed to be tipped with yellow. My mind was too much agitated to think on any one subject scarce an instant—sleep at length paid a welcome visit, and I know not how long I lay intranced in his embraces; but the next morning, or rather noon, I had the unspeakable satisfaction of espying land, and in less than an hour after gained a little creek, in which I

drew up my skiff, which had now twice saved my life. Having refreshed myself for some time under the shade of a tree, I thought it eligible to take a short view of the island, which I concluded to be rather small, and in which I was not astray in my conjecture. Towards the evening I ventured a little farther, and had the pleasure of discovering a cottage at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. The monarch of the cot had just sat down to supper with his ruddy family—I was immediately presented with a seat, and invited to partake of the temperate repast, which I did, as I saw a hearty welcome in every countenance. Having candidly told them that Providence conducted me to their island, I was invited to remain as long as I pleased beneath their roof. In the course of our conversation I was told, that the island was governed by one of their bards, who acted occasionally as physician; as he was bed-ridden I thought it

it my duty to wait upon him the next day, and I do think I never saw so venerable a personage in my life; he was then in the ninety-seventh year of his age, and of so chearful a disposition, that I was told it was usual for him to mix in all the innocent amusements of the country. It is impossible to express the satisfaction with which he received me—"You see," said he, "an old man, whose tenement has been long on the decline, who has enjoyed many a happy moment in it, and yet who does not repine at leaving it the moment he is called—Thank heaven," continued he, "I never experienced a moment's sickness in my life; and though I can neither hear nor see as usual, I have a mind that would wear out a dozen bodies yet." Scarce a day that I did not visit him; and though he could scarce read or write, I do assure you that several of his poetic compositions abounded with such natural images, and unaffected turns of

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fancy,

fancy, that to this day I lament that I did not preserve some of them.

On turning over my papers, however, I am happy enough to find that I have preserved one, which I have attempted to translate, an attempt indeed!—It seems that Binna, a fairy Prince, set out with his beautiful Queen to give battle to another fairy Prince; having won the day, on his return some mischance befel him, so that he was never heard of after; in consequence of which his Queen is supposed to have composed the following elegy, as it is called in the original.

“ How solemn is the hour of night!
when all things listen to the voice of
love!—Welcome ye awful shades, all
hail your placid gloom! But, hark!
is it the lark that calls upon the morn?
The note unfolds the ear of night; and
see the young-eyed messenger of day
in twinkling notes sings on the breast
of heaven, while the stair-dropt waves
of Allen seek the pebbled shore.
Sweet

Sweet were your charms, ye moon-tinged waves, ye hazel wilds, ye rocks and willows green; when gentle Binna smiled upon you all, as on his lips love budded in a thousand forms, the songs of Salla rested there, sweeter than the breath of roses.

“ Whither art thou fled, from thy disconsolate Queen?—Listen ye rocks and willows to my song. O thou, that art beautiful among the children of Spring, return to thy disconsolate Queen.—The rocks listen to my sorrows, and the leaves are attentive to my sighs; but thou art absent and cannot hear. My eyes hang on thy return, and my sighs steal to meet thee. O thou, that art fairer than the visions of the morning, return, and light up joy once more in the soul of Alla. My ear drinks in the breezes; but thy accents are not there. O where shall I find thee, or whither bend my flight? The Queen of Farra detains thee; her charms

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have

have bewitched thy soul.—She has lulled thee on her bosom, and the melody of water-falls prolongs thy dreams—the linnet sprinkles the air with notes, the breezes steal thy breath, and the roses thy complexion. I see—I see the blushes crimson thy cheek—I see—I see—ah! cease to upbraid—thy Prince is true: no eye invites his constant soul; his Queen alone employs his thoughts; nor whisper this complaint, ye listening winds, that Alla should suspect her Binna's faith. O! torn from love and me, say, whither art thou fled? Has Sela's straggling host seized on my love? Yes, thou art seized—I see thee bound; I hear thee call; but, ah! in vain, I cannot help; no pitying spirit there to lend its aid. I hear thy name, yes, sure I do; the breezes tell me thou art there.

“Oh! why on our return did I desert my Prince, to prepare the rosy wreath, the cooling liquor, and the shady bower?—

bower?—My dreams forewarned me of the sad event—the wreath too withered, and the morning's tears shone faintly on the violet pale, and joyless was thy solitary bower. Perhaps now in the bower of death, new-cropp'd, you lie, the loveliest floweret there—the dart of Dana pierced thy bleeding breast—it did; thy ghost glided by me, on the pinions of a dream, like a flake of snow on the blast of winter. I felt thy kiss cool as the dews of April. I grasped the vision, and it melted into air. Ah! why did I leave my Prince in the valley of Arva?

There the dart of Dana sought thy bosom—there the thicket hid the foe. Ah! why did I leave thee, when danger was nigh? I should have shared it with thee: my ardent breast should have interposed, and shielded thee from the enemy—we should have fallen together, and the bards would sing our loves, and the virgins of Corra weave our garlands.—O thou, that

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wert

wert sweet among the roses of Barra,
pleasant were thy streams, O Barra !
There I first beheld my Prince. Assist
my plaint, ye streams of Barra!—on
thy banks I first beheld my love. Thy
murmurs invited him to sleep, and thy
willows watched over his slumbers.
His cheeks spoke the language of roses,
and his countenance was the harbinger
of love : his hair was spun from the
blossoms of Edur. Beautiful were thy
flowing locks, like a flight of linnets.
Thy forehead shone smooth as po-
lished yew, and mild as the opening
gleam of water : thy chin was like the
rose-bud, and thy lips like the fresh
cut fallow root : thy limbs lay careless
like the branches of the new-fallen
oak : thy charms sunk deep in my
heart, and my eyes floated in mist.
I beheld thee like some fair form in a
vision, and the music of thy voice
melted my soul ; for it is far sweeter
than the streams of Barra : and sweet
are thy streams, O Barra ! Oft let the
flowrets

flowrets shade thy blue-eyed margin
—Oft let thy circling wave reflect the
wandering moon; for on thy banks I
first beheld my love.

“ But thou art gone, and the dreams
of midnight shew me how you fell
amidst the enemy, far from thy un-
happy Queen.—Thy eye fought me
as it sunk in death; but I was not
there to close it. Had I been there
thou hadst not died—my tears would
have softened death—nor would his
dismal shade have been spread over
thee. But thou art fallen far from
the presence of thy Queen; thou didst
not sink upon her faithful bosom—no
weeping flowers expired upon thy
breast, nor mint upon thy feet. The
stranger’s finger closed thy eye; no
friend was there to woo thy cheek to
life—O thou, that wert beautiful
among the flowers of Binna; thou,
whose accents woo’d the linnet, thou
art pale, and sunk in death—thou
sleepest among the sons of youth—

No, thou wilt not speak to thy Princess—she bedews thy cheeks, but thou kissest not away her tears: thou do'st not hear her sighs; nor do'st thou press her palm. Thou art lovely in the arms of death; thou art pale as the fresh-poured moon-beam!—No more thy smiles light upon my soul. Ah! sure thy spirit is not fled! thy latest sigh would have reached me here.—What trembling motion of the troubled air now wafts, on full-spread pinions, sounds of woe?—How every flower droops low its head, nor chearful linnet swells the morning note!—O thou, that art beautiful among the vales, return to thy Princess; receive the gift wrought with thy much-loved hair, through which thy snowy shoulders would appear, like to the lily shining through the dew-spun fairy web of even.—Still on my lip I feel thy parting kiss, sweet as the drops of willow buds. O can'st thou leave thy
Queen

Queen in the valley of Arva? In sighs she wears the night away—the sickly lute, the dying string no more shall charm the grove, nor soothe the heart of Alla.

“ Will not the spirit of Binna return on the wings of love, and hover o’er his dying Alla? Will he not sigh to hear her plaint? O thou that wert straight as the furrows of Edur, and beautiful among the breezes of the morn, whose fingers were like the joints of Lorra’s reeds, and eye-brows soft as the down of willows.—No more I will listen to the airy harp of Allen. Ah! whither art thou fled? The sickly primrose droops for thy return, nor can the sun-beam dry her tears.—On friendship’s wings you flew to the vale of Corra, and didst return. On the wings of battle you rushed to Darra, and didst return on pleasure’s wings—You sailed to Allen, and didst return.—But now thou art gone, and wilt return no more!—O then farewell,

well, ye banks of Barra! once more
adieu, but still flow beauteous on!—
Oh! Barra's banks farewell!"—The
last word will do for us both.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

— ELEGIES, that only mourn in ink—expressions that only shine in sand, I think I hear you say, will never do. Did I promise any thing else? —But to the point, let us not make bad worse.—I had now resided on the island about three weeks, and began to be somewhat more resigned to my fate, so far indeed as almost to give up the hope of ever seeing Elvina. The inhabitants were so kind to me, that I could not think of parting with them, especially as the winter was advancing; for this purpose I waited on my friend the bard, and told him, that as fate had thrown me on so delightful a spot, I was determined to pass the remainder of my days in it: “I wish your days may be long then,” said he; “and happy

happy am I to find that I shall leave one behind me, who can render my subjects many important services." This being agreed on, the next step was to provide me a house, and to assign me a certain number of cattle. As the wealth of the island principally consisted in milk and honey, agriculture was scarce known to them: I was desired then to chuse my pasturage, and the spot on which I intended to erect my cottage on, which I was not long in determining; and as I had choice of sun and shade, you may be sure that I fixed on a situation that would enable me to enjoy both: as my cottage was built of turf it was soon erected; the windows were laced with willows, which flourished in perpetual verdure. As there was plenty of timber, I had no occasion to provide for fuel, it was only to step into the wood, as often as occasion required. As soon as I had every thing completed to my mind, which, by this, was

was tolerably composed, I sat down to my studies, but as I had no books, my first care was, to commit to slips of wood (which I formed with my knife) such passages as I could recollect, and the authors I had read. Having done this, my next amusement was in painting: the portrait of Elvina was the first, which to this day I have preserved, as a specimen of the powers of love, for it is but candid to own that I was not born a painter. The winter at length came on, and in order to amuse myself in the long nights I used to visit my neighbours, and to receive their visits in turn, which was the custom of the country. Our amusement consisted chiefly in the recital of stories, every one of which abounded in the marvellous:—monstrous giants, fairies that rode on the wings of the winds, and men whose heads grew beneath their shoulders, that is, as one of our commentators interprets it, whose brains lie in their bellies, many of

of whom are to be met with every day in church and state ; every thing was to be cured by charms, even love itself : in this manner did I pass the winter, whose reign I must confess was rather mild. I had now assumed the manners and dress of the inhabitants ; my good old friend the bard at length paid the debt of nature, and as the government of the country had ran in his family time immemorial, his grandson was unanimously elected in his stead. As I had enjoyed a great deal of pleasure in the company of the good old man, I was resolved, if possible, to make up for the loss of it in another line ; whilst I was thinking on those matters, I happened to step into my boat, and in searching the cabin for one of my pencils, which I recollected to have left there, I was so lucky as to find Milton's Paradise Lost ; and I do believe, that if I had been conducted into Paradise itself, I could not be more happy at the time ;
but

but how was this happiness encreased, when on turning over the leaves I happened to find the name of Elvina, in her own hand-writing, together with a song of her own composition, the first stanza of which ran as follows :

Virgins, like the rose,
Best become the shade;
In it they flourish longest—
Expos'd, how soon they fade!

A thousand times did I press it to my lips, and a thousand times did I apostrophize the dear hand that wrote it; this was enough, the measure of my happiness was now full, I looked for nothing farther on this side the grave. The cup, however sweet was in some measure embittered; in a short time after, the only son of our Prince, a child of great hopes, was attacked with a dangerous disease, which carried him off in the sixth year of his age—an universal gloom pervaded the whole island, especially as he

he was the last of the royal line—the very birds seemed to suspend their notes—the complaints on this occasion were truly plaintive, one of them, as far as I can recollect, ran in this manner:

“How uncertain the joys of man!—how frail our hopes—how unstable the foundations on which we build our happiness, and how little do we know the powers of death, whose flinty bosom cannot be moved, even by the song of the nightingale! The decrees of the Almighty cannot be known, but they are founded in wisdom, and we should submit to them with resignation. Come resignation then, teach me thy song, prepare my pillow, and dry up my tears! Oh tyrant death, why didst thou snatch away our joys? why didst thou exceed thy orders?—

(Death speaks)

“It is true, I did exceed my orders; I was commanded to visit this enchanting

enchanting isle, to cull the fairest flowrets thence, to ornament the bowers of bliss: a fairer floweret than thy infant Prince I could not see in all the realms of spring—to Paradise I bore him straight, to “flourish in immortal youth!” — — — — —

As this is but a translation, it is fair to acknowledge that it falls far short of the original; his father, however, wrote one, the words of which flow as natural as the tears of Apollo on the silky leaves of the hyacinth.

Good Night.

LETTER

LETTER V.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Recollected my 'friend the bard one day told me that he was well assured that a most extraordinary man lived in the south of the island: "I am told" continued he, "that he once shone in great splendour at Court, but having fallen under the displeasure of the prince, he threw himself into the arms of retirement, in which he has continued these thirty years: a proof that he was a good man, for a bad man cannot bear the horrors of solitude—he amuses himself with the study of antiquity."—My heart leaped with joy at this intelligence, and the next morning I set out in pursuit of his abode; after much enquiry I found it out. It was situated in a holowe, scant ten yards from a clere smothern rivir, with
a fair

a fair woddid park, and yn the orcharde werè mountes, writhen about with degrees, like turnings of cokelshelles to cum to the toppe withouten payn. The house, auncient and meatly faire, with a studeying chaumber; in one of the windowes was a payne of colerid glasse; there was no peece of antiquite on the ysland that stode so hole, and so well couched.—I cannot tell you with what kindhefs he receivèd me. We talked of many things—the pleasures of retirement, various pursuits of mankind, and something of women-kind at intervals. After dinner we drank some mead, and I followed the advice of the motto that was on the old drinking cup,

“Vir ratione bibas, non quod petit atra voluptas,
“Sic cara casta datur, lis linguæ suppedatur.”

I shall here present the reader with a specimen of our conversation.

Author. Yes, Sir, I agree with you, that flattery is the food of Kings.

Antiquary.

Antiquary: Flattery is the bane of beauty, and the bane of princes—all courts are crowded with flatterers; they quicken in the smiles of royalty, like summer flies—Good heaven, how your poets and historians in all ages have lulled monarchs in the down of dedication and panegyric!—If you please, I shall read you a passage out of old Fuller, the quaintness of his manner does not take from the authenticity of the fact.

“ A parasite (and sooner will an hot May want flies than a King’s court such flatterers) sought to puff up King Canutus, with an opinion of his puissance, as if, because England and Norway, therefore Neptune and Æolus, must obey him; in confuting of whose falsehood, Canutus commanded his chair of state to be set on the sea shore near Southampton, and settled himself thereon. Then he imperiously commanded the waves (as a fence which walled that land belonging unto him)

to

to observe their due distance, not presuming to approach him. The surly waves were so far from obeying, they heard him not, who listened only to the proclamation of a higher Monarch, *hitherto shalt thou come and no further*, and made bold to give the King's feet so course a *kisse* as wetted him up to the knees."

Author. Very well; but what do you think of Alexander, who would rather be thought the bastard son of Jupiter Ammon than the son of Philip, born in wedlock?

Antiquary. And I have seen a medal of one of the Kings of France, standing between the two cities of Geneva and Luxemburgh, holding the world on the point of his sword, with this legend:

"Victori perpetuo, ob expugnatas orbes ducentes."

Author. These are the tyrants, of whom it may be said, *ubi solitudinem pacem appellant*.

Antiquary.

Antiquary. *O coecas hominum mentes—
auri sacra fames!* Oh, Priestly, thirst
of gold!--Come, let us turn from this
unpleasing topic.

Author. You find a great deal of
pleasure, Sir, in the study of anti-
quity; there is a pleasure that must
always result from the pursuit of
truth.

Antiquary. Certainly, but the study
of antiquity has fallen into disrepute,
from a number who seem to make
no distinction, but merely to doat on
every thing, because it is *Old*.

Author. Like one of those collec-
tors of old coins, which Mr. Pope says,
“ sighs for an Otho, and neglects his
bride.” — But the true object of
these researches should be as Sir Wil-
liam Hamilton says, “ *montrer la
marche de l’esprit humain dans la
carriere des arts qui embellissent la
société, et rendent la vie plus agré-
able.*”

Antiquary. True, I shall read you
a pas-

a passage out of Stukely: please to listen.

Author. Yes, Sir.

Antiquary. (*Reads*)—

“ I need not make an apology to you for that which some people of terrestrial minds think to be a meagre and useless matter; for truly, what is this study, but searching into the fountain-head of all learning and truth? Some ancient philosophers have thought that all knowledge is only reminiscence; if we extend this notion no further than as to what has been said and done before us, we shall not be mistaken in asserting, that the past ages bore men of as good parts as we; enquiry into their thoughts and actions is learning, and happy for us if we can improve upon them, and find out things they did not know, by the help of their own clue. All things upon this voluble globe are but a succession, like the stream of a river, the higher you go, the purer the fluid, less tainted with corruptions of

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prejudice or craft, with the mud and soil of ignorance. Here are the things themselves to study upon, not the words only, wherein too much of learning has consisted. If we examine into the antiquities of nations that had no writing among them, here are their monuments, these we are to explore, to strike out their latent meaning, and the more we reason upon them, the more reason shall we find to admire the vast size of the gigantic minds of our predecessors; the great and simple majesty of their works, and wherein lies the beauty and the excellence of matters of antiquity."

Now this is what Stukely says; and with regard to myself, I shall only add what the prince of orators says.

"Quis tandem me reprehendat, aut quis mihi jure succenseat, si, quantum ceteris ad suas res obeundas, quantum ad festos dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates, & ad ipsam requiem animi

mi & corporis conceditur temporis, quantum alii tribuunt intempestivis conviviis, quantum denique aliæ, quantum pilæ; tantum mihi egomet ad hæc studia recolenda sumsero."

It is impossible to say how the smiles and advice of this good man dissipated the sorrow that clouded my mind. I stayed with him a fortnight, and promised to call again in a short time.

Yours &c.

LETTER VI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Mihi sane eruditi non videntur, quibus nostra ignota sunt.

IN this state I began to think of committing to writing all that I could recollect of the antiquity of my native country.—Gentle reader, you need not startle, I shall only give you an extract of it—the character, as I then drew it, of the fifth Queen of my natal soil:—

Kings and Queens have been so much flattered, that it is not easy to get at the truth; for, as an excellent writer says, they must not be approached with the *prophane* language of truth. The character of Semiramis may be gathered from various writers, and it is now pretty well known that it was an infamous one; and yet those
writers

writers that blasphemed for bread reported, that she was changed into a dove; and we are farther told, that she was worshipped under that form by the Assyrians, by the name of *Astarte*.

Basra was Queen of —; her patrimony was small, but in many respects superior to her desires—The laws which she enacted, and the monuments she left behind her, evince the goodness of her heart, and the strength of her understanding—she was beloved by all, and this is but the language of truth—she did not enlarge her patrimony by grasping at that of others, but by a proper cultivation of her own—Those that remembered the vallies and hills of *Havah*, have told us the situation they were in, when she ascended the throne. The lily and the nettle grew up together, and the briar entangled the vine—the voice of echo was feeble. At present her inhabitants are many,

and content—cheerfulness beams from every eye, save when the remembrance of their beloved mistress calls forth the tear of gratitude, and even that sparkles.—Under her auspices the shining share, the whistling plane, and the insinuating augur were introduced.—The cheerful glass began to circle, and the motion still continues. In courage, she equalled *Boadicea*, Queen of the *Iceni*—in chastity, *Lucretia*.—Her laws might be said to have been written in capitals by a sun-beam, the weakest memory could retain them, and the meanest capacity could comprehend them. As she was a lover of virtue, she was of course a woman of taste, for what is taste but a perception of beauty and excellence? In the evening of her life she did not escape the tongue of some of the court sycophants—*contra sycophantarum morsum non est remedium*; this is not the less true because *Seneca* says it; for as *Tyrrell* says, “ he was but

but a philosopher in books ;” and besides I never liked him, for he lent money to the poor Britons at an extravagant interest, and *Xiphilinus* tells us how he plagued them for it. An historian of those days thus describes our Princess—“ Her voice was as soft as the zephyr that awakens the buds in spring ; she was so beautiful that I thought the snow-drop was fair, till I saw it on her breast ; her benevolence was extensive, and her generosity unbounded. She was called from a mortal to an immortal crown in the sixtieth year of her age—I forget her epitaph, but a good life is the best epitaph.”

Good Night.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

And those that go beyond the sea shall find,
They change their dwelling, but can't change
their mind.

I Experienced the truth of this almost every minute; I would gladly have compounded for what Prior calls "party-coloured life," half pleasure, half care. I had a few books, I therefore began to contemplate Nature, which Young says, "preaches to mankind," and the more I examined the more I admired the beautiful order and harmony, in the account which Moses has given of the creation; an eminent writer has placed this in so just a point of view, that I cannot resist the quotation:

"In the beginning matter lay at rest, in a mixed, irregular mass, without shape or relation. Then nature
was

was instituted. *The spirit of God moved on the face of the deep.* Each particle had its peculiar qualities assigned to it, and ranged into its proper class. They formed themselves into a globe by one universal quality, viz. gravity: some unite, adhere, and form a solid part or land; others continue fluid, but of different gravity. In this state the earth is set in motion, by wheeling round its axis; on which follows a separation of the elements; these, according as they are affected by gravity and centrifugal force, occupied different spaces, at a greater or smaller distance from the center. The adhesion of the solid parts would not allow them to move; the centrifugal force could only act upon the fluids; and the air, as the lightest, would be thrown off to the circumference of the sphere. By the recession of the air, the waters were gathered together, they filled up the space left by the air, and the

D 5

dry

dry land appeared, rising out of the waters ; on which vegetables, the food for animals, are created and implanted. The sun is next created, whose heat exhaling the moisture, brought on vegetation.

“ The next act was the creation of fishes and fowls, their elements being the first prepared to receive them. On the sixth day, terrestrial animals were created, their food being previously provided ; as the vegetables had been three days implanted and increased.

“ The last part of the creation was man, to whom God gave dominion over all other creatures, and afterwards created a companion for him, out of part of himself, the more to unite them in love and friendship.”

I was sorry to find that the Islanders were very much prone to superstition, and that they believed in the existence of those demons, called Incubi and Succubæ*.

Succubæ* ; I strove to persuade them out of it, but in vain. I liked their laws, and as to the ministry of the Gospel, none were admitted under the umbrage of that sacred canopy, that had not, and did not continue to lead pure lives. I thought to introduce the plough, but in vain, though I said every thing in favour of it ; you may be assured I did not forget Cowley's *Concetto*, if it is fair to call it by that name†. One of the leading men proposed the cultivation of the vine: "What," said one of the sages, "do you want to make us all drunk-

* Hector Boeth. (Hist. Scot. fol. 149) relates several examples of men and women corrupted by these demons. Luther believed in the existence of them, as well as Madam Bouregnon. See also Lambert. *Danæus Ethica Christ.* l. ii. c. 14.

† We may talk what we please of lilies, and lions rampant, and spread-eagles in fields d'or or d'argent ; but if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.

ards?"—"No," said he; he then advanced several arguments in favour of the generous grape. When I was called upon for my opinion, I only read the following extract from Mr. Evelyn:

"The eloquence of demagogues, the power of oratory, the fascination of beauty; all which have wrought strange and wonderful effects: but by the virtue and operation of some generous wine, which by a noble hyperbole is said to *cheer both God and man*, did we but perfectly understand the giving or taking it in the just quantity and proportion, and could with that temper and command of ourselves be sure to stop at the right *nilotic* mark, throw and keep it up to the just pitch and tone between flat and sharp, like a well-tuned instrument—

"What music, what innocent harmony, would it not afford our conversation! What a new life does it not as it were give to the drooping soul! What courage to the timorous! What
motion

motion and activity to the dull and indisposed ! The silent and morose become pleasant, witty, and eloquent, even to rapture. It creates confidence and assurance in the over-bashful ; it changes the sour and surly into good-nature, and disarms the furious, whilst it inspires the irresolute, chafes away self-interest, and enlarges the narrow heart, and all this without danger, provided, I say, men knew to adjust the measure, stop in due time, and could command, as God did the unruly waves, ‘ *Hitherto thou shalt come, but no farther.* And whence all this, but from putting the *same blood*, with the *blood* of the generous *grape*, into a due and benign ferment, without damage to the health of the soul, or prejudice to the body ? The danger only is in the excess ; when once, indeed, we look on this noble vehicle, and admire its colour, *quando splenduerit in vitro*, and sparkles in the glass ; though it go never so smoothly down ; *in novissimo*

vissimo mordebit ut coluber, it bites like a serpent, and diffuses its venom like a cockatrice ; it is there, indeed, that the eyes are apt to wander, and the heart utter perverse things ; when men stay long at wine, *et student*, (as the wise man says), *calicibus epotandis* ; give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and wine to those that be of heavy heart, let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

— When I had done, a young shepherd got up, and spoke as follows,

" Friends and countrymen, I am against the introduction of any thing that ever was named in the book of luxury : I heard a very old man say, ' that he read in a history, that Bacchus, who is called the god of wine, conquered all India ; ' we easily understand the fable—he introduced the cup ' that sparkles only to deceive.' Our ancestors lived happy on this island ; their houses were convenient,
and

and built so as to admit the beams of the sun in summer, and to keep out the rain in winter. We have trod in their steps, and we find ourselves happy—and let us, with one heart, return our thanks to Heaven for that happiness—Our fathers led a pastoral life, let us do the same—look round, our hills are white with sheep—listen, our vallies re-echo with the lowing of our kine—the birds build securely in the gardens, and the red-breast knows the time of dinner—we rise with the beardless sun—we have no occasion to wound the flowery bosom of the earth—and though our wise men told us that the cloud-mapped sea was the store-house of creation*, yet we never venture on it, because it is entirely at the mercy of the fickle wind; and of a stormy night how do we pity the poor sailor, who is at the mercy of both! but God can command both.—

* The ocean is said by Homer to be the source of all things.

Our

our food then is simple and healthy—our sleep is sweet—let us not stain our milk with the blood of the grape—let us not soil our snowy fleeces with the hand of drunkenness—the only luxury we wish to know, is to discover the art of preserving our *caraci* for our sweethearts †.”—This speech was universally applauded, and acceded to.

Farewel.

† A fruit somewhat in shape like the *Ex-voto*, presented in the church at *Isernia*.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT would be only a waste of the reader's time, to recount the many methods I took to calm my breast; but as Young justly says, the

"Mind, rich in expedients for inquietude,"
was continually calling on recollection. My family—the seats of my youth—the neat little church—and the old tower,

"Where longs to fall the rifted spire,

"As weary of th' insulting air;

"The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,

"The lover's sighs are sleeping there."

And at the time I wished that my sighs were asleep along with them—then hope presented her prism,

"Credula res, quam nulla potest fortuna fugare,

"Spes stat in extremis officiosa malis."

The

The islanders were so fond of me, that they built me a cottage at their own expence, in the midst of a verdant circle—my rooms were so neat and so clean, that I should not have been surprized if *Queen Mab* had paid me a visit.

One day as I was contemplating the grandeur of the ocean, half a dozen men rushed out of the wood and seized me ; it is easier to conceive than express my surprize—at first I supposed they were sent by the bloody governor, and as I found resistance was vain, I was resolved to die with all the fortitude imaginable. They carried me immediately aboard the largest vessel I had hitherto beheld ; I was immediately conducted to the Captain, in whose countenance I could not behold a single trait of humanity. My surprize, however, may be guessed at, when he ordered me to be instantly unbound, after which he presented me with a glass of wine, as he said I
looked

looked very pale ; finding that I could speak a little of his language, the rigidity of his muscles began to relax. As soon as I had composed myself, he called down his nephew, the sweetness of whose countenance revived my spirits. “ Jack,” said he, “ hav’nt you a suit of clothes in your chest ?” the other replied that he had. “ Bring them down,” said the uncle, “ I think they’ll fit this young man.” At first I was loath to accept of them ; the Captain pressed, however, and I was induced to comply. At supper I gave him a short account of my adventures, and was happy to find that they interested his feelings ; I showed him the ring which I was desired to deliver to Mrs. Smith, and the picture of Elvina, which he surveyed for some time, exclaiming, as he returned it, “ By—— this is not the picture of a woman, it is the picture of an angel, such as my Nancy was”—on which he shed a plentiful shower of tears. As the weather

weather was fine, our voyage was exceedingly pleasant. One day, as I was walking on the deck, the Captain came up to me, and taking me by the hand. "You see," said he, "we are now near land, you are now in a civilized country, I don't want to detain you a moment longer than you please; you are now in Scotland; do you know of any acquaintance or relation in those parts?" "Yes," said I, "I do remember to have heard my father say, he had a sister married to a very worthy man at —, in Scotland, and I could wish of all things to see her." The Captain was as good as his word; as soon as I was set on shore, he presented me with five guineas, three ruffled shirts, a new hat, and a letter to a friend, in case my aunt should be dead. He then told me, that the sailors had taken me off the island by his command, merely to gratify his curiosity with respect to the inhabitants of those parts. Our parting was

was exceedingly affectionate; and before I proceed any farther, I think I had better take my leave of you for a little time.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN my last, I parted with the Captain, and in reality I was sorry for it. Before I had travelled five miles the road was rugged, added to this, that it was in the height of winter ; not a house could I see, though I looked about me on every side for one. A heavy shower of rain obliged me to take shelter under an old thorn ; wet, fatigued, and hungry as I was, I was determined to get on.

The snow in many places had fallen so deeply, that I found it impossible to proceed ; and at the very instant I had given myself up for lost, I had the good fortune to espy, or rather to stumble on a cottage—the cottage was however deserted ; I was lucky enough

enough to find a little hay in one of the corners, on which I lay down ; the distresses I had just passed through brought into my memory that faithful, yet not the less poetical description, which the author of the Seasons has given of a traveller, in the situation I had so lately been in*. The next morning the sun rose, as it were, with reluctance, and indeed I did not wonder at it, for I think I never experienced a colder : relief, however, was at hand, and that unexpectedly too. I had scarcely travelled a quarter of a mile when a little cot presented itself ; the breakfast-pot was suspended over the fire, and as I was half frozen, the good woman of the house chafed my hands before she let me seat myself at it. The whole family seemed anxious to render me every service

* " As thus the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
" All winter drives along the darken'd air," &c.

in their power : nay, the very dog fawned on me. After breakfast the eldest son conducted me to a little room annexed to the house, in which he had his loom. It was the first of the kind I had ever seen for some time ; I gratified my curiosity in surveying the structure of it, and the agility in winging the shuttle—never did I see any thing so polished as the rubbing bone, and the gloss it imparted to the web. Having stayed here for two days, in the course of which I assisted them to fodder the kine, on my departure I slipped a piece of money into the hands of one of the children, but had scarcely got up the side of the neighbouring hill till I was overtaken by one of the young men, who insisted on my retaking it. In less than three days I reached the place of my destination ; I was overjoyed to find that my aunt was still alive, but at the same time sorry to hear that her husband was dead. The good woman received

ceived me with all the affection imaginable: her family were grown up however, so that her circumstances were tolerable, as they were all exceedingly industrious—one directed the plough, a second drove it, the third was bred a tradesman, and the daughters had learned to spin.. Thus the day was devoted to labour, in which I joined, and the nights into story-telling or reading; time thus danced away, with down upon his feet, till the arrival of summer.—My acquaintances were few, as the neighbourhood was rather thin of inhabitants: the parson of the parish invited me often to his house; he was an excellent historian, but at the same time so credulous, particularly in the affairs of his own country, that it was in vain to persuade him that Boetius, or Hector Boece, as he is commonly called, John Major, &c. abounded with fable; the patriotic Wallace was his favourite, and many a time did he draw tears

down my cheeks, in the recital of his heroic actions ; the elegant Latinity of Buchanan, which gave currency to those fables, was the frequent theme of his conversation.

As the country abounded with lakes and rivers, I used to amuse myself at times in fishing, but the well-dissembling fly never was permitted to conceal the torturous hook ; the snare alone crowned the fishing-rod. One morning, as I was sitting at breakfast, the parson I have just mentioned begged to speak with me, in company with my aunt.—“ Yesterday evening,” said he, “ I happened to converse with Mr. Freeman ; you must know he is one of the best of men, and passionately fond of his little nephew ; we had a good deal of talk about you, and I recommended you as a proper person to instruct his nephew, he therefore wishes to see you as soon as possible.” This intelligence was very acceptable, as I did not wish to be a burden

burden to my aunt; it was some time, however, before she could be prevailed upon to consent, as Mr. Freeman lived at some distance; the day following I waited on Mr. Freeman, and was received with all that ease and affability, which cannot be assumed but where it is natural.

This worthy gentleman resided in the bosom of a romantic vale—a mountain rose awfully sublime to the north of his habitation, where nature had thrown some mighty rocks into a picturesque assemblage, rearing their rude forms high above copses of hazel, ash, quick-beam, pine, hollies, &c. a variety of rills strayed in numberless mazes to the plain below, and there formed a small river that bent its course to the sea, whose waves advance within three miles of this delightful place.—The house was small, neat, and convenient—it stood on a rising ground, which commanded a view, though not an extensive one, of the

neighbouring ocean. Some young plantations and small shrubberies, in well-chosen spots, highly improved the scene, into which many of the streamlets had been diverted, forming in some places miniature water-falls, or else spreading into little lakes with meandering margins. The plan was drawn by the hand of taste, and finished with elegant simplicity. A beloved sister presided at the table of Freeman, and she was a widow. Six winters had elapsed since her weeds were first put on, nor could six summers persuade her to throw them off—He had been bred to trade, and pursued it through different parts of the globe with various success; and at fifty retired from it, to cultivate and adorn Larch-dale.

Fortune had not made a nabob of him, but had given him a genteel sufficiency, which placed him in a situation that a monarch might envy. Nothing singular marked his character,

rafter, except that he was honest. Too great an intercourse with the world, though it could not corrupt, had disgusted him, and had given him many unfavourable impressions of it, which at times affected his temper, yet humanity and benevolence dwelt in his breast. The Christian religion he admired, and adored its Divine Author. He examined its doctrines with a clear head, and a good heart; and though some things taught by it were above his comprehension, he was afraid to laugh at what he did not understand; and he found the essential parts of it so plain, so full of peace, love, and harmony here, and holding out such delightful prospects of felicity hereafter, and with no temporal advantages to the first founders of it, that he concluded there must be something more than priestcraft in it; but was too well acquainted with human nature to think it could be intirely divested thereof. He consigned no man

to the devil for differing with him in opinion, and looked upon the various sects that profess Christianity to be a greater proof of our free-will than all that Dr. Clark has wrote upon the subject. The sciences he was well acquainted with, but no systematic philosopher: he took nature as he found her, and thence drew his conclusions. The poets had embellished his mind, and history had opened to him all her stores.

He made a proper estimate of life, and looked upon an hour lost or mispent as a drawback on his existence. But after all he was an epicure, if to court pleasure deserve that appellation; but he sought her not in the circles of the vain, the ostentatious, or the luxurious: he knew she could only be found with the rational and the cheerful; and to do good he thought was one of the greatest enjoyments of life. To dine alone he considered as a tax upon his constitution;

tution; and though his table was seldom crowded with visitors, yet was it never empty. In his amiable sister the Graces were united; and when the cloth was removed temperance filled the chair.

Such was the man, under whose care young Stanly was trained; the manner of doing which, with some attendant circumstances, will be sketched out: I shall just say of him here, that at eight his person and mind were praised by one sex, and admired by the other. Spirited, manly, complaisant, and attentive; and the flower expanding itself to the vernal gale, was not more open than his youthful heart.

Harry was the only child of his mother, and not two years old, when his father left him an orphan; and though they were handsomely secured from the approaches of want, yet to take them under his protection was one motive, if not the greatest, of Mr.

Freeman's leaving off business, which he did in less than a year after his sister became a widow. She was left alone in the prime of life, for she had not reached her twenty-fifth year; but how did her heart glow with gratitude to Heaven, when she found that her child was to be tutored by her dear brother!—A man who, next to her departed Stanly, she had always esteemed above the world.

Larch-dale was a purchase made for the purpose already mentioned. Freeman's domestics were few, but happily chosen; and much more for their integrity and chearful dispositions, than any particular excellence in their respective departments. They had lived long with him, and from their readiness in obeying, and desire of pleasing, were considered not so much in the light of servants, as of people who had given up their time in order to have a degree

gree of happiness secured to them ; to deprive them of which their master thought a piece of robbery—for it was their all.

Mr. Freeman promised himself much pleasure in teaching “ the young idea how to shoot ”—and in contemplating the human mind, from the dawning of reason to the expansion of manhood: in guiding and indulging, in gently reproving and tenderly instructing, in gratifying the little playful heart, but restraining it from wantonness—to behold the young virtues unfolding themselves, to cherish and encourage them, and view them ripening into firmness: he began to think such an employment the noblest part of experimental philosophy.

The day Mrs. Stanly came to reside with her brother, she got up early. It was the season when a plentiful harvest filled the eye with gladness ; the jocund rusticks were preparing for their labour, and carolled it as they trudged

along ; a heart at ease would have enjoyed the scene with rapture, but our fair mourner could not : for though she tried to be chearful at times, and that a languid smile would now and then play upon her sweet countenance, there was a thorn in her breast which nothing could extract. Her Harry was with her : they turned into a neat graveled path fringed with shrubs and flowers, that led to a more elevated spot than where the house stood, and a little west of it ; from here the sea appeared with all the advantages of a rising sun and serene morn. Harry jumped, and cried out, "O Mamma, what fine thing is that?" for he had never seen the sea before. She took him in her arms, and contemplating it for some time—"Oh my Harry," said she "under that fine thing your dear father somewhere lies." "Had I two fathers?" replied the child ; "for, Mama, you said my father was in heaven." She hid the tear from him, and turned home.

Harry

Harry was allowed every kind of exercise that would not injure his health. Nature had given him a good constitution, and to make a delicate one of it they knew would be doing him an irreparable injury; so that he was not confined much to the house, except in wet weather. When the winter months came on a heavy snow fell; a frost succeeded, and continued so long on the ground, that the birds were in great distress, and flocked in abundance about the house. Harry was highly diverted with them at first, and wished to catch them all: but when he was told that they were hungry and would die, he pitied them, and begged that they might get something to eat: and a happy man he was, when his uncle filled his pinafore with corn, and sent him to scatter it for them: this was his employment several times a day; and the birds soon knew their little benefactor, and would hop and fly round him, whether he had corn or not, and he

he called them his own poor birds. One day he came into the parlour sobbing, and the tears trickling down his rosy cheeks: "What is the matter, my love?" said the uncle, running to him (for his mother was not present), and placing him on his knee; "Harry, are you hurt?" as he wiped the tears away. The child could not speak for some time; at last, he produced a dead robin, which he had folded up in his bib. "One — of — my — birds — is — dead." "Who has killed your bird?" cried the uncle. "It died of poverty," says Harry, the tears beginning to fall afresh. — The uncle pressed his lips — "Ah, my boy!" said he, "this heart of yours will give you much trouble as you pass through the world — but it will repay you sweetly at some moments too." Mrs. Stanly at that instant came in; and to see her child thus carressed by the uncle lighted up joy in her countenance; and as she appeared to more advantage than for a long time

time before, we shall take the opportunity to describe her; in the interim, I shall leave you to anticipate the picture, and really am, what I hope you will ever find me to be,

Yours sincerely.

LETTER

LETTER X.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

“DO you ever read these letters?”
“Not I faith, I think it enough to write them; besides the cocket-writer is not a cocket-reader.”—Now for the Lady, and perhaps it will be sufficient to say, that she was exceedingly beautiful; but as the judgment of beauty differs, according to the variety of fancies in the beholder, and, after all, best defined by the French *je ne sçai quoi*, for the mere sake of brevity I shall be somewhat more particu'ar:—Mrs. Stanly was, then, the tallest of the middle size, rather of a dark complexion, elegantly formed, with a hand and arm that would grace the statue that enchants the world; her eye-brows tinged with the purest die of brilliant jet, and an eye that once seemed

seemed to have lain in ambush for a glance ;—by this, however, you are not to understand that she had but one eye ; she had a pair, and I hope she has them still, for wherever they shine, I am sure they shed pity. Her attention to me was uncommonly great, but that attention extended even to the meanest. An apartment was assigned to me, and the choice left to myself ; I fixed upon one which projected into the orchard, so that I could enjoy all the melody of the birds, which thronged to this delightful spot, particularly one, whose enchanting notes were always sure to close the liquid eye of eve, and which Mrs. Stanly used to call the Kennedy of the grove. Time, in this delightful situation, glided on as it were unperceived. Mr. Freeman's domestics had, in a manner, grown grey in his service. William Green, the footman, had passed his sixth lustre in it, an arch chap, never without an excuse or
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an answer ; as often as my pupil and I happened to walk abroad, he was sure to attend us. One evening, however, his attendance had like to have cost us dearly. A Scottish nobleman, of the first distinction in point of birth and patriotism, had been at great pains in forming a plantation within a few miles of Mr. Freeman's ; several of the inhabitants from time to time had been so unthinking as to commit depredations on it, which induced the proprietor to offer a reward of ten guineas to any person who should convict another of cutting any of the young trees. William could not pass by it without casting an eye on one of the promising saplings ; in he broke, and in the very act of cutting it his Lordship approached ; the despoiler had the good luck to pocket his knife unperceived ; instead of flying, I was surpris'd to see him run up to the nobleman, and seize him by the breast, at the same time addressing him

him in these words :—" You villain, you, what brings you here? have I caught you at last? I suppose you came here to cut staves: do you know that I am entitled to ten guineas for apprehending you? I have waited long enough in this place to catch a fellow of your kind: come, come, no words, you must immediately come along with me to Lord ——." His Lordship, without saying a word, permitted himself to be conducted to his own house—William pretended to be half dead on discovering his mistake; his Lordship, however, thought himself under so great an obligation to him, that he dismissed him with a guinea, and for some time after did not discover the deception.—Scarce a day passed that something did not happen to convince me of the goodness of Mr. Freeman's heart. One morning, happening to be at breakfast, he chanced to espy a middle-aged man, in the dress of a clergyman, approach

proach the door, which was always open on those occasions. Mr. Freeman immediately desired that he might be shewn into the parlour; and the following conversation took place.

Mr. Freeman. Sir, I presume you have walked a good deal this morning? a cup of tea will refresh you.—Will, hand the gentleman a chair.

Parson. Sir, I thank you; I have walked a good deal, but I am well used to it; the morning is exceedingly fine.

Mr. Freeman. Exceedingly fine, indeed.—Yes, I suppose you have a good deal of walking; the parishes in this part of the country are rather extensive, and, I believe, there are few of our pastors that can afford to keep a horse.

Parson. Very true, at least I cannot.

Mr. Freeman. Your family is large, I presume?

Parson. Large indeed, Sir.

Mr. Freeman. Books are the only luxury

luxury a clergyman in general enjoys in Scotland.

Parson. They are indeed, Sir ; but even that luxury cannot be enjoyed : books are very dear.

Mr. Freeman. I can lend you some, I have Pope's works, and Sheridan's edition of Swift, with several others, at your service.

Parson, I am very much obliged to you : Pope is undoubtedly a most excellent poet, I should be glad to read Swift—I have often read him with pleasure, he had the best of hearts, a strenuous assertor of the rights of humanity.

Mr. Freeman. Undoubtedly he was, and as such I shall ever admire him ; he wrote to please himself, and had the good luck to please every one, that is, he wrote *con amore*, as the Italians call it.

Parson. Much easier, indeed, than write *con* a wife and seven children.

Mr. Freeman. Much easier indeed ; but I am surpris'd that some of our clergymen

clergymen in this part of the world do not contrive to steal a few minutes from the duties of their office, in the composition of some work which might be of service to the public.

Parson, I have been employed in a work of that kind for some time past, and now that it is finished I know not how to get it printed : subscribers are not easily procured ; I should not however think of appearing in print, were it not that I am urged to it by a few friends, who seem to think favourably of it. . .

Mr. Freeman, Yes, but I would not have you say so, because that is the apology of almost every author.

Parson, To be candid, Sir, the friends I mean are my wife and seven children, whose——

Mr. Freeman immediately understood him ; and though he came on foot he took care to send him away on horseback, nor was his benevolence misapplied.—Another instance, amongst the many

many, which I hope I shall never forget. Mr. Freeman invited me one evening to a play; betwixt the acts one of the players, in the character of Bellifarius, blind and infirm, depicted the misfortunes of that brave General in one of the most plaintive songs I ever heard; which had such an effect upon the feelings of a young Scotchman in the pit, that he jumped on the stage, and threw the last guinea he had into the hat of the actor, whom he really took to be Bellifarius himself. Mr. Freeman took care, however, that the guinea should be replaced, with the addition of a few more, in a manner the most delicate. His affection extended even to the meanest of the brute creation, except to wild cats, with which the country abounded, in consequence of a transaction which had taken place some time since in the neighbourhood:—An English gentleman having some business in that part of the country, happened

pened to ride out of his way, and in endeavouring to recover it he was benighted; at length he thought he heard the human voice divine, which in the situation he was in, must no doubt be exceedingly pleasing. Having come up to the man, he let him know how matters stood: "You need not be under any apprehension," said the peasant, "I keep a little inn myself at some distance; I can furnish you with as good liquor as ever you drank, and as good a bed as ever you lay on."—Our traveller, no doubt, was greatly rejoiced at this piece of unexpected intelligence, as the fatigues of his journey had qualified him to repose almost on any bed. Having gained the miserable hovel, he was conducted to a room hung round with cobwebs, which could only boast a little hole by way of window, ornamented with a shattered pane of glass—our host immediately presented him with a small horn of whiskey, which it seems was the

the only liquor in the house ; the supper consisted of a slice of rusty bacon, and the bed of straw. The gentleman, however, was disposed to make the best of every thing : having expressed his acknowledgment the next morning for the favours he had received, he desired the landlord to bring in his bill, which amounted only to two guineas, and which our traveller paid with many thanks. As he was about to depart, he called the landlord aside, and addressed him in these words : “ Are you sure there is nobody listening ? ” — “ Not one, I’ll engage you ” — “ Your treatment to me has been so civil, your fare so good, that I cannot think of departing without giving you some proof of the sense I entertain of your kindness. — Do you wish to make your fortune ? ” “ Not any thing on earth I wish more for. ” — “ Can you keep a secret ? ” — “ With any man in the kingdom. ” — “ Then I am going to let you into one that will

will make your fortune at once.—You don't know my business in this country?"—"Not I, indeed:" every ear he had was pricked up.—"You must know then, that I am commissioned to buy a number of cats; you can assist me in this business I know."—"That I can."—"Expence is not to be spared, you shall have a large profit on every one you buy; let me see now how many you can procure: I shall be this way on such a day, in the mean time here is a couple of guineas to assist you in the undertaking—You may depend on my word."—"That I shall." The gentleman had scarcely departed, when the landlord set about the business with all the dispatch imaginable—an apartment was immediately constructed for the reception of the cats, cows purchased to supply them with milk, and persons engaged to assist in the collection; such as could not be stolen were instantly bought. Many a moment did it cost him to conjecture for what purpose

purpose the gentleman was induced to undertake this arduous task ; he had heard a great deal of cats in his life-time—black cats, white cats, red cats, cat and nine tails, cats without tails, cats with nine lives, cat and clay, Katterfelto, cat and bag-pipes, cat in pan, Jeffry that faced the cat, Whittington and his cats ; at the time, it seems, he had not heard that four cat skins at Nootka Sound cost John Bull four millions of money ; he also examined the dictionary, where he found a catalogue of cats, such as cataracts, cat-aplasms, cat-acombs, categorical answers to dogmatical questions, and a thousand others. In a short time his collection exceeded expectation. Such a concatenation of cats never was known, such cater-wauling, such a concert of cats never was heard, scarce could the cows supply them with milk—the long looked-for day arrived that was to bring the gentleman agreeably to his promise ;

that day, however, passed over, and another, and another after that. At length, however, he saw through his credulity, and could not help declaring that he was justly punished for his imposition.—The cats of course were enlarged, and their offspring for many years after continued to infest the country.

Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IF it may be lawful to compare great things with small, or small things with great, I looked on myself to be a kind of Cæsar, in one of those lines in which I wish to imitate the character of that splendid robber. You must know that this very day, before breakfast, I dictated three different letters, wrote one myself, and at the same time conversed with five of my tenants; I was not, however, afraid of being criticised upon;—this I only mention to let you see how many subjects I am obliged to think on before I sit down to write to you; and should not be surprised if you should meet with some of them in those very letters. I had now resided here upwards of nine months: no doubt you

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will

will expect some account of the manner in which I filled up that space. In the first place I can only answer, that I did not spend it idly ; and in the next I will tell you a story, that I think will please you better than my own.— I used to visit my aunt as often as I could.

THE DESERTER ; A TALE.

One evening, as my aunt and I were sitting at tea, William entered with an outlandish plant, as he called it : —“ Where did you get it ? ” —“ About two miles off, in the handsomest garden you ever beheld ; ours is but a wilderness in comparison to it. ” —“ Who does it belong to ? ” “ I know the farmer’s name, but at present I cannot recollect it, it is a young man that lodges in the house that laid out the garden, and planted it with his own hands ; it was he that gave me
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this plant, and I promised to give him one of ours in exchange, that is if we have any that he has not ; and I was about inviting him to come and see : but on consideration I thought it would be going too far without permission ; but I think you would like his conversation, though they say he is very sparing of it ; but indeed I think he is a gentleman in disguise. They say he came to the country for the benefit of his health ; and indeed he looks like one that is sick of body and mind, but I am no judge, only as I think.” “ Do you know his name ? ” “ I do, Mr. Comyns.” The next morning William was dispatched with an invitation to the gentleman to drink tea, &c. &c. the ensuing evening. I never saw William, I think, go on any errand with so much pleasure. Mr. Comyns accordingly came, and we were happy in his company ; he was not, however, as good a florist as my aunt, but he appeared to know a good deal

deal of the history of plants, particularly those of America, in which he had spent some years: he gave us a very entertaining account of the provinces of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Mr. Penn's laws, &c.—As I listened to him with the most sedulous attention, I could not help observing, in the course of his narration, that the tear at times stood trembling in his eye, which he attributed to a cold, and which we affected to assent to. As he lived so near, and as the weather was fine, my aunt pressed him to come and pass an hour with us, as often as he might find it convenient, which he accordingly did; and in truth he was still welcome, for we found much satisfaction in his conversation: he was very intelligent, scarce an evening passed that he did not favour us with his company, which was always acceptable. One day, as we were sitting together immediately after dinner, enjoying a glass of wine

wine, a poor man and his wife, with a child in her arms, passed by the window in their way to the kitchen-door: I ran as fast as possible, lest the dog should frighten them.—The poor woman was thinly clad, though clean, the husband not a whit better, but the weather was mild; the mother begged for a little milk to feed the child, as her own was exhausted. Nanny was not long before she brought them some of the best, and in the interim gave an account of their wretched appearance.—The maid was immediately ordered to give them their dinner, after which my aunt sent for them into the parlour, which they entered with a bashfulness that was far from being awkward; however the poor woman strove to conceal her naked feet, that bled with the sharpness of the road, and in my opinion the heart of every one in the room bled for them; in spite of all she could, the tear stole down her cheek. After a

little conversation, and a glass of wine, my aunt took her into the closet, and made her change her dress for the better. William in a short time dressed out the husband in a suit little worn, in which he appeared to great advantage, for I think I never saw a better-shaped man in my life; in the mean time I ran for a pillow, and insisted on making a bed for the little baby, which by this had sunk into rest, from which it awakened with so enchanting a smile, that we were all delighted with it. The housekeeper was ordered to place a bed in one of the back rooms for the travellers, who, as they were fatigued, went to rest as soon as it was ready. The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, my aunt sent to know how they had rested; but William, it seems, had set them to work in the garden. My aunt was very well pleased to find they had got so quickly into the good graces of the old domestic.—

mestic.—As soon as the sun had drank
 up the dew, she walked out to see
 how they went on: William had
 trimmed a little bower for the child,
 and gathered some moss and dry leaves
 by way of bed, whilst the red-breast
 took its station on a branch that cano-
 pied the whole; you can scarcely con-
 ceive how pleasing this was to my
 aunt; who insisted, however, that nei-
 ther the mother nor the child should
 come out, as there was employment
 enough in the house much more suit-
 able; which was immediately complied
 with, to the great satisfaction of Wil-
 liam and I, who thought the sun too
 strong for them both. As Mary (the
 poor woman's name) was an excellent
 needle-woman, she was instantly set
 to make some shirts for her hus-
 band John, which in truth the poor
 fellow very much wanted. Our esteem
 for them increased every day, inso-
 much that my aunt would frequently
 send for them into the parlour to drink
 their

their tea, with other little indulgences, which were not thrown away ; the child throve apace, and grew into great favour with every one in the house, nay even with the great house-dog, whose friendship was not generally experienced on a slight acquaintance ; so that every thing went on apparently to the satisfaction of all. One evening, as Mr. Comyns was amusing us with his flute, as he was wont, he happened to touch upon a tune that particularly seemed to fix the attention of John and his wife, Mary could not refrain from tears throughout, especially at certain falls : John did his best to contain himself, and in the end I believe would have triumphed, were it not for a note, that in an instant set his fortitude at defiance, and in truth I think a sweeter never fell from the Thracian lyre.—The music ceased, but the tears and sighs did not cease ; this convinced us that the cause existed, and as we intimated a wish to know it, it was gratified in
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the following narrative, as soon as the husband could speak :—" I was born, Madam," said he, " in Somersetshire," directing himself chiefly to my aunt ; " my father was well descended, his education was liberal, his fortune slender, and his family large : he was religious only for the sake of his soul. As he was born and educated a gentleman, it was of all others the character to which he was ambitious to see his children aspire, as the noblest in the creation, and I trust he was not disappointed in his ambition. Having exchanged this life for a better in the forty-seventh year of his age, the best of mothers and the best of wives only lived to expend the last shilling in raising a little monument to his memory, that finds a nobler monument in the hearts of his children : we were now launched on the world without an oar ; in the beginning the sea was not so rough, but in a short time the skies began to lowr, in plain English

every day brought fresh distresses.—I had two sisters, their beauty conspired to their destruction, but their virtue rose superior to every machination.—

An elderly lady in the country at length took them under her protection, and treated them, and I hope continues to treat them, as her own; and I am confident they are not wanting in gratitude, which is all the return she can possibly expect on this side the grave. As my two elder brothers had received an education that enabled them to move in any line, they were sent out to India, on the recommendation and at the entire expence of a most worthy gentleman; and I am certain, whatever may be their station, they will do nothing either to disgrace themselves or their patron.— In the days of my prosperity I had formed an acquaintance at the house of a gentleman, not many miles distant from the place of my birth; he was fond of all sorts of learning, and
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as his fortune was plentiful, he had an opportunity of indulging his pursuits;—in his younger days he had been entered of the society of Lincoln's Inn, but finding a greater inclination for Shakespeare than Coke or Lyttleton, he relinquished the latter entirely, and actually took the advice of Baron Dawson,

“Burn'd Salkeld and Ventris,
“With all their damn'd entries;”

and resigned himself at once to the god of poetry and his compeers, whose works he had often represented in a private theatre, raised at his own expence.

He had four children, two girls; the heir was in almost every sense of the word a perfect Tony Lumpkin; the younger son, the delight of all that knew him, having embraced through inclination the profession of arms, at a very tender age he was sent into America, I can scarcely recollect his features.

features. The eldest daughter, though she was perfectly well bred, had received rather a virtuous than a fashionable education, and though her person was not neglected in any one particular of becoming decency, yet the mind was more attended to. The Muses might be said to have dressed the one, and the Graces the other. At our first acquaintance I could not but admire her conversation, though she was far from being lavish of it—admiration at length sunk into esteem, and esteem, I believe I need not tell you, into love.—I strove to conceal it as long as I could, but it is not easy to conceal where it really is: in a degree it was excuseable in me, considering my youth, object, and opportunity, for I had not yet accomplished the nineteenth year of my age; but the beauty I saw was not to be seen by every eye, it was such as I heard the other

other evening described *. I strove, however, to conceal my passion as long as I could ; I called in reason to my aid, but reason, instead of subduing, rather increased the purest flame that ever burned on the altar of love, by representing the happiness I should enjoy in the conversation of such a woman ; and as often as I urged the disparity of our fortunes, something whispered me in the ear, that love levelled all distinctions. As I knew my own situation, however, I was determined to sacrifice all, before I should bring her into misery, provided she

* ————— Beauty,
 The only ray of uncreated light
 God e'er did trust to human sight:
 To man his best belov'd, by man's best friend,
 he sends
 The royal present, and withal commends
 The bearer to his kindness: it would be
 Strange beyond wonder, if but by this world's
 epitome
 So great a gift, so great a giver, should at once
 Neglected be. —————

should

should even consent ; in consequence of which I resolved to set out for India by the first opportunity, without so much as intimating my intention to any one of my friends. As I had some leisure on my hands, I could not resist the temptation of throwing the prospect of my adventures into a little Opera, which unluckily, as I then thought, found its way, in its nascent state, to her closet. As I am now pouring out my heart without reserve, I shall make no apology for repeating, as it is connected with my story, one of the songs of this production, perhaps the worst that ever wounded your ear, for the Muses most certainly never smiled at my birth :

Let quicksands, greedy as the grave,
And rocks conceal'd beneath the wave,
Conspire with night, in blackest store,
To wreck the ship, and shake the soul,
The firmest soul ! ———
All these shall not affect my heart.

If

If those are vain, let tempests howl,
And waves on waves tumultuous roll;
Let others think with sighs on home,
And curse the cause that made them roam;
Should it arise from Cupid's dart,
This last, I own, would touch my heart.

If winds and waves should even fail,
Let thunder next arrest the sail,
Let the whole crew invoke the dawn
In vain—let deep destruction yawn;
These shan't affect my heart, I'll prove,
Because I leave it with my love.

“ On the return of the play I was not a little surprised to find the following lines at the end of this song, if it may be called one, in the handwriting of my fair :

Let tenfold darkness veil the skies—
Let waves on waves tumultuous rise;
In ambush let the pointed rock
Lie close—I think I feel the shock—
Let thunder roll—in such a scene
That even hope can't intervene,
In such a scene would Heaven protect,
I know the heart it would affect.

“ The moment I read this, I was
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all impatience till I had the pleasure of seeing her : in the course of a little conversation on the subject, an explanation ensued ; I begged to know the heart *it would affect*, and had the inexpressible happiness to find it was her own. After I had told her, that she was meant as the keeper of mine, our hearts were now united, to this an union of hands succeeded in less than a fortnight in private. Every thing seemed to smile on our nuptials, even fortune, but it was deceitful : a letter from my brother filled me with the highest hopes — prosperity and grandeur already seemed within my grasp on either hand ; but also, on the receipt of the next letter, the entire vanished away, “ like the baseless fabric of a vision,” and scarcely left a gleam of hope behind. I was happy to find, however, that our marriage was not so much as suspected, prudence directed our conversation and actions in public, and still farther, on
this

this account, our meetings were not so frequent as immediately before our union:—a moment, however, compensated the happiness of a week; and such was the sincerity of my passion, and I am sure it was reciprocal, that I looked on every moment to be lost that was not spent in her company. I believe the whole of my fortune did not at this time amount to one hundred pounds, which I managed with so much oeconomy, that I am sure I never spent a farthing of it improperly. Hitherto the pleasing pursuits of love and innocence had occupied my mind, but a little consideration taught me to think of something more serious—in her presence I strove to appear as chearful as possible, but in solitude what did I not suffer?—her situation was little better, though at the time I was happily ignorant of it, else I am sure it would have broken my heart, but now I am seasoned as it were to distress. I have already told you, that

that her father had built a private theatre—it so happened, that in getting up the Orphan, the part of Belvidera fell to the lot of her that has retired in tears, and that of Jaffier to me. As this was the first time of our appearance, every eye was fixed on us: as the audience consisted of our intimate acquaintances and friends, I cannot say that my embarrassment was great—we got through very well, till we came to those passages that came home to ourselves; then nature took her way so irresistibly, that at the conclusion of these lines Belvidera was carried off the stage for dead—So just was Otway to the heart:—

“ Oh, Belvidera !
 “ Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
 “ Is at our heels, and chafes us in view.
 “ Can’st thou bear cold and hunger?—Can these
 limbs,
 “ Fram’d for the tender offices of love,
 “ Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
 “ When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
 “ And the bleak winds shall whistle round our
 heads,

“ Wilt

"Wilt thou then talk to me thus?"

"Thus hush my cares, and shelter me with love?"

"This in short raised a suspicion that led to a discovery of the whole. It was in vain to expect forgiveness—the father was inexorable; and I do believe he would have taken her life, if he had caught her in the first transport of his fury, which to avoid, we were obliged to fly the country, in the midst of a cold December night. Thus the scene was quickly changed, in which the past delights of love were tasted—the cot became our habitation—the bare earth our resting-place, my arm her pillow, and her tears her drink—in this situation she was delivered of her first-born, happily privileged to lay down its little load of life in about six days after it had received it. Hitherto we had lived as privately as possible, our little stock was quite spent—we had now completed the fourteenth month of our marriage,

marriage, and as our love, if possible, was rather increased, we took it into our heads, under borrowed names, to claim the old English prize, in spite of all our misfortunes; which will appear the more extraordinary when I candidly declare that the first slice of it was the only morsel we had tasted for at least two days before:—I say our cash was quite exhausted, and, what was worse, I could think of no method of recruiting it—to beg I was ashamed, and to work I knew not how; the army presented itself as the only alternative and as there was no time to be lost in consideration, I listed in a marching regiment, and I may well say, that all the comfort I have in reviewing the days I passed in this regiment is, that they are past; yet why do I say so?—good Heaven, even in the humble situation of a private foldier, I have tasted such blissful moments as would thrice repay an eternity of the deepest misery. The company

pany was bound for Ireland : the instant we got on board a violent storm arose, every minute we expected to go to the bottom ; and to tell you the truth I wished for it in secret, as it would have put an end at once to our misery.—The fears of death sat on every countenance, and the names of those that were dear to the heart insensibly dropt from the tongue ; one called on his absent wife, another on his children, and a third on his sweetheart ; but I cannot say that any of them affected me so much as a delicate looking youth, that sympathized in the distresses his mother would be in on hearing of his disastrous fate.—Contrary to all our expectations, at length the storm ceased—we were allowed some refreshment as soon as we had got ashore. Having reached the place of our destination, we were severally carried before the Captain ; when it came to my lot, he eyed me from top to bottom, as I thought, with an indulgent

dulgent eye; in the course of a few questions he asked the reasons that induced me to list—in the usual strain I answered,

Pride and ambition,
The fear of want, and hopes of a commission.

“On my dismissal he gave me a crown which I took so kindly, that I believe my tears got the start of my words. As provisions were remarkably cheap in the vicinity of our quarters, and as I took the greatest care of my pay, we lived tolerably well; my comrade did every thing in his power to anticipate my little wants, and to relieve them, in consequence of my accepting him as such without the least hesitation, as every man in the company refused to join with him on account of his religion, being educated a Jew, as they said—this to me was no objection, as I never felt the least prejudice in point of religion. As I found the officers rather indulgent, my situation

tion, through habit, became every day something easier. One morning on parade the Captain asked if my wife did not wash? I told him that her constitution at best was but very delicate, and that it had suffered very much of late, in consequence of sickness and travel, but that she was a perfect mistress of her needle; I had scarcely pronounced these words, when I observed a total change in his countenance and voice: I could not conceive how or in what manner I had offended him, but so it happened, that from that time forward he seemed to watch for opportunities to exercise his unprovoked malice—One time I was drilled for not having my hair properly dressed, another fined and confined for I know not what, though every nerve was exerted on my part to perform my duty as a soldier—every moment increased his rigour: I strove to bear it all, in hopes that time would convince him that I

had done nothing intentionally to forfeit his esteem. I was happy to find, however, that my wife was ignorant of the whole.—Jones, the poor Israelite, as he was commonly called, did every thing to lighten my burden, which unfortunately drew down the vengeance of the Captain on his head also, which not a little increased my afflictions—the bare repetition of the cruelties he exercised on us both would only cause my wounds to bleed afresh, and shudder humanity to think, that such a monster escaped even punishment in this life: what grieved me most were the opprobrious epithets with which he loaded my wife; and had it not been entirely on her account, let the consequence be what it might, he should have felt the force of my resentment, which induced me to draw up the heads of his treatment to lay before the Colonel, who was hourly expected, and whose character was that of an amiable man, so universally

fally beloved by the whole regiment, that he was called the father of it, notwithstanding he had scarce attained his fifth lustre—On the contrary the Captain was universally hated, and in every respect so happily depicted by Osborn, in his character of a debauched soldier, that you would imagine, if you knew him, that he had sat for the picture. Having reviewed my charges, on a little reflection, I thought it better, in my situation, rather “to bear the stings and arrows of adverse fortune” a little longer, than to take up immediate “arms against a sea of troubles,” in which I was well nigh overwhelmed. My comrade was made a corporal, an employment at once so full of care and responsibility, that if it did not lie in the road to preferment, every man in his senses would wish to avoid it: a little time evinced that the latter had nothing to say in the promotion, which took place against his inclination: it

was soon found out that the Captain had thus merely marked him out as the scape-goat, that was to bear the offence of every one that chose to lay it on him, and indeed he was pretty well loaded, when it was found that every complaint preferred against him was listened to, however false or improbable, whilst the poor fellow was not permitted to say a word in his own defence; and, notwithstanding that he attended church as often as any man in the regiment, and with much more decency, through the artful suggestions of our adversary, it was insinuated he was a Jew in his heart, and of course not intitled in their idea to the privileges of humanity, and that I was worse, if possible, for taking his part. At length he and I were charged with what they call sweating the candles, though I had not so much as heard of the crime before, and I am sure he was the same way; and it was in vain that we protested our innocence,

cence, and called on our accuser to meet us face to face, but even this was denied—After a pretended trial of two or three minutes, we were condemned to receive each five hundred lashes. In the mean time we were consigned to one of the filthiest prisons in the universe, and in a manner left to feed on the vapours of it—half a pint of water betwixt us in the twenty-four hours was a luxury.—Perhaps you may form some idea of our prison, when I tell you that originally it had been a charnel-house, and in truth I often envied the dead that reposed within a foot or two of us—but to house with death and darkness was nothing in comparison to the pangs I felt on Mary's account. I trusted, however, that the whole would be over before it came to her ears; but her weary heart, the prophets of woe, soon told her that all was not right: she got, however, to the prison, and her voice revived me;

her welcome presence brightened up the gloomy cell, and her breath, like the breath of a dying lily, for the minute induced me to forget the stagnant vapour that enveloped us—the time was too precious to be lost in words, our tears flowed apace; but poor Jones gave us all the comfort in his power, which was the more acceptable, as it flowed from his sincerity, his distresses were lost in ours:—unwilling as I was that she should remain in so vile a spot, unwilling as I was that her ambrosial breath should in the least be sullied with the gross taint of “sin-worn mould,” it was with pain that I parted with her, but the sentinel could not permit her to stay, as his orders ran against the admission of any one, and the dawn besides began to approach; I was glad however to find, that she knew not I was to be whipped, as it would have been much more than she could have borne, though her fortitude
fur-

surpassed description—About six hours after she left me, our landlady was just permitted to tell me, that Mary was taken with the pains of child-birth; this again was an unexpected stroke, my tongue for some minutes refused to perform its office, and when it did I could only exclaim, with the poet, addressing himself on a similar occasion to heaven,

“ To my proportion’d strength my trial square,
“ And don’t lay on a burthen I can’t bear.”

“ This was a period for which I had made no provision, nor indeed was it in my power, as my pay was so slender; I knew very little of my landlady, only that she was poor, and at the same time I owed her nigh a quarter’s rent.—After some cogitation, however, I left all to Providence, and cast my case entirely upon him that careth for me. The next day, about ten in the forenoon, we were taken out, and

received each two hundred lashes ; my poor comrade only called on God to remember his sighs, and to put his tears into a bottle, which the Captain attempted to turn into ridicule, if bawdry and blasphemy may be so called.—We were instantly carried to the infirmary, and the surgeon who attended us did every thing in his power, not only to heal our wounds but to soothe our minds : in an hour or two after the first dressing, my landlady arrived, and I think I never saw so much pleasure in the countenance of any one, it was to bring me the joyful news of the safe delivery of Mary ; but when she saw my situation, she could not help bursting into tears, for a more affectionate heart than her's never beat in the bosom of a woman. When she came to herself she bade me not to be in the least uneasy about Mary, for that she should want for nothing, and indeed she was as good as her word ; at the same time
adding,

adding, that the child and the mother were both as well as could possibly be expected—Little less welcome the reprieve to the condemned at the point of execution, than this intelligence to me—in my heart I blessed the messenger of it, whose eyes dwelt on me with the fondest indulgence of a parent—this minute I have her appearance in my view, pale, cold, and half speechless, at her first entrance; changing as she advanced, blaming the weather, like Sterne's Eugenius, as she drew back my curtain. In something less than a quarter of an hour after her departure the surgeon arrived; I could easily perceive that he was glad to find me in such good spirits, and he was determined to increase them, for, as soon as he thought fit, he put a letter into my hand, without any name, containing ten guineas, accompanied only by these lines—

Endure and conquer, Jove will soon dispose
To future good, your past and present woes.
An hour will come, when you with pleasure
 shall relate
All these misfortunes as the works of fate—
Live, and reserve yourself for better state.

“ This present came so opportunely, and so little expected, that I scarcely had the power (which was all I could do at the time) to write a letter of thanks by him that brought it.—The surgeon paid us a visit, and thus addressed us:—Plutarch says, “ that thyme, though one of the bitterest herbs, produceth at once oil and honey—your present afflictions no doubt will be found to contain the same ingredients in a mental sense—I know,” continued he, “ as Skakespeare says, it is not easy to charm the ach with air, or agony with words; but if I could impart any thing better I would.” We thanked him as far as in us lay ;
I did

I did every thing in my power to prevail on my comrade to accept of the one half of the present, but he would only take a guinea. My landlady never failed to call on us as often as she could with good news—so that betwixt her and the surgeon my spirits were kept pretty well up. Mary was still ignorant of the stripes I had received, she was led to believe that my punishment extended only to confinement.—My wounds were soon healed, but in a day or two they were to bleed afresh, in pursuance of my sentence—the remainder of which was to be put into execution the Monday following as I learned: this was Saturday. On the Sunday morning following, about ten o'clock, the surgeon told me in private, that my comrade was to receive a free pardon; my heart exulted at the news, but the case was not so with himself, for the instant he received it he insisted on sharing my fate; and when he found

he could not, he dropt on his knees, and begged to be taken out in my stead.—This affected me beyond expression—he refused, however, to leave me, till he was peremptorily ordered on duty; and in truth I would not wish that hearts so tender as yours should have witnessed our parting. In the morning I longed for the evening, and in the evening for the morning, that was to finish the greatest portion of my misery—the clock had just struck ten, the night was so fine, that, perhaps, in any other situation, it would have charmed me—the moon shone bright to every eye but mine; at first I thought I heard the voice of more than one approach the prison, and on taking a peep I could reckon six distinctly advancing in a body, the sentinel challenged, but in an instant he was knocked down, the prison-door burst open, and I was desired to walk forth, which you may be sure I did—they hurried me with them at least

least six or seven miles out of town, without saying one word more to me, than "Be not afraid"—I assured them I was not, which, in fact, was the truth. Having alighted from our horses at the skirt of a wood, I was conducted to a little house, under the brow of a rock, in the middle of it the hearth was covered with an excellent fire of wood, and so clean that it reflected my face, which indeed was wan enough; at first I could discern an old woman only, whose venerable appearance impressed the most favourable ideas; in a minute the cloth was spread with coarse but wholesome viands; and as I saw a hearty welcome in the eyes of every one around me, I began to eat without the least ceremony. Mary and the child were all I wanted, to complete my happiness, but behold I did not want them long, for just as we were drinking their health in a glass of excellent liquor, she stepped from behind a little curtain,

tain, with the child in her arms, attended by a young woman, so exceedingly beautiful, that at first I mistook her for their guardian angel, and hailed her as such. Our meeting was affecting, and I do think, before or since, I never passed so happy a night. —“ Now,” said one of the men, addressing himself to me, “ you need not be under the least apprehension of danger : your misfortunes came to our ears, we were resolved, if possible, to snatch you from them, and I hope we have succeeded—you may say you are now in the midst of your friends ; and egad I do think,” continued he, “ that if the whole regiment came, they should not tear you away from amongst us : prudence, however, is necessary—for some time you need not go abroad in the day, we will get you a suit of cloaths—the red might raise suspicions ; however you have this on your side, that the Captain, your prosecutor, is universally

verfally hated, and your caufe, no doubt, will be yet avenged.”—I promifed to act up to their advice in every thing, which flowed from the beft affections, and which fo far fucceeded as to refcue me, I hope for ever, from the hands of my enemy, which from my very heart I now forgive.”—

This laft fentence feemed to have a greater effect upon my aunt than all the reft, if poffible, for in reality ſhe felt the whole. From hence ſhe infifted on them to look on themſelves as our companions, but to this we could not prevail on them to affent. Mr. Comyns prefented the child with ten guineas, which was laid out in a little purchaſe, that promifed to double the ſum in the courſe of a year. Mr. Comyns, who uſed to favour us with his company almoſt every evening, came not to ſee us for at leaſt a fortnight, which gave us very great concern; in the interim, it is true, I called to ſee him, but the receptions were fo friendly,

friendly, and the enquiries after our healths and welfare so warm, that the slightest suspicion of having given him any offence was at once removed. Our joy at seeing him again was unspeakable, but it was soon turned to grief, for, alas! he came to acquaint us, that he was obliged to set off for London the morning following on business, that his presence could not be dispensed with:—it was now that we wished that we had never known him in a manner, so instructive and entertaining was his conversation, that neither walking nor reading could supply it; and as to music, every note seemed to languish in his absence. In about three weeks after his departure, William and I took a fancy, just as Aurora had kindled her fires, to visit a friend of ours about five or six miles distant; as the weather was fine, and the prospects enchanting, we took our dog, so that we did not return till late in the evening. As William approached

approached to rap at the door, I looked in at the parlour-window, and was very much surpris'd to see my aunt sit alone, in a very pensive posture—I hasten'd to know the meaning of it. In short, she acquainted me that a file of soldiers had that morning hurried off John, and that his unhappy wife had followed, in a manner distracted, with the child in her arms—It is impossible to say how much we were affected.—“Who would have thought,” said William, “that misfortune would have dogged him out in this retired spot? but the unhappy are to be unhappy, let the world say what it will!” Even Towser could take no rest, for the loss of his little play-fellow the child.—I knew not what to say or think.—To bed I went, but in vain; never did I look before or since so anxious for the dawn.—Having got the start of Phoebus, on a pair of couriers little less fleet than the wind, William and I took different directions

tions in pursuit of intelligence, but in vain. Our little winter party was now broke in upon, but it was not for ourselves we were grieved; the only hope that remained was, that either he or she, if they survived their misfortunes, would write to us as soon as they could, and in this we were not disappointed.— In the course of ten weeks the following letter came to hand :

“ MY DEAR MADAM,

“ I know you expect to hear from me, if in this world, and indeed I can scarcely persuade myself I am; however, let me be where I will, I never can forget you, or your's, and to forget you would be to forget my existence, which I may say I owe to you: this minute I know ye are in trouble about me, and there is not a tear you let fall that

that I do not feel ; this induces me to snatch the first opportunity of drying them up.—To be sure I have suffered much in my time ; but never more than the morning I was hurried off from beneath your hospitable roof, like the bird snatched in sight of his nestlings in the talons of the unmerciful hawk, at first I thought so ;—to be sure I thought nothing of myself, nor never did, but to see—let me not rend you heart, I would rather pour balm into it ; the soldiers were infinitely kinder to us than we expected ; they carried the child by turns, and slackened their pace, that Mary might keep up with us, and when she began to be tired the officer that commanded hired a carriage for her and the child, and otherwise did every thing in his power to render the journey as agreeable as possible ; happy was I to find, that the love of pity at times deigned to rest her wearied wing on the breast of a commander,
for

for as yet I had not experienced it. On our arrival at the barracks, I was very much surprized to find that I was not immediately committed to the black-hole as it was still called; and in truth it was an abode much fitter for the dead than the living—I knew not what to think, but conjectured that the indulgence arose from the humane report of the surgeon who came to visit me, sympathizing in all the feelings of a father and a spouse. I was loath to trust to hope; that often soothed to double my distress; and I was glad I did not, when I was let to understand that my punishment was to be severe. On the fourth evening after my arrival, I was put into the common prison, crowded with deserters, &c. the greater number of whom looked on death as the first relief; and heartily did I pray to be included in the number, when a messenger brought word that my wife and child had already paid

paid the debt of nature.—All was over! I felt no farther interest in life, and longed to lay it down—with the rest dire was the groans, whilst like Montezuma I lay on a bed of roses—a second messenger about midnight brought me word, that Mary had only fainted—after all I cannot say but this was welcome news. About ten in the morning I was sent for to appear before one of the general officers, but, good heaven, what was my surprise, to find, in the officer before whom I was cited, the very identical Mr. Comyns, our friend—for a few moments I felt myself as it were in a maze, every thing seemed to swim before me; I believe he was in the same situation—a gleam of hope came across me, but hope, like the solstitial plant, expired in the height of its glory.—Mr. Comyns at length broke silence: “Young man,” said he, “I am ready to pity the afflicted, but justice must take place. You are not insensible
of

of the crime you have committed, a very enormous crime, indeed, to fly your colours—in so doing, you have not only set a bad example to those who are already in the army, but deterred those from coming into it, whose hearts would otherwise beat high at the sound of a drum:—How can a man be expected to face death, that flies from a little misfortune? On those occasions it is necessary to make examples—You are young, you must learn to bear; and, as your wife in all probability was aiding and abetting in your escape, it is but reasonable that she should bear a part in your punishment.”—This was joyful news to Mary, her cheek revived at the intelligence, but it stung me to the quick, I could have borne any thing myself—This moment I stood petrified, and the next I know not.—“ But,” continued he, “ that I may not be too hasty, let us know what your wife has to say in her defence.” But all that she could be prevailed

prevailed on to say was, that she was prepared to meet the sentence in its utmost rigour. In this I thought I saw the countenance of Mr. Comyns relax. She was about to proceed, when he stopped her—"Pray, Madam," said he, "have you not a brother in America?"—"I fear, nay I hope, he is in heaven, and if he is I shall soon see him there."—"Would you not rather see him on earth?"—"That is a happiness I never expect."—"What age was he when he went abroad?"—"Scarcely fourteen."—"Do you remember his features?"—"I do, they were very much like your own, but to be sure they are greatly changed: I should easily know him, however, by the mark of a strawberry on his left breast."—"Was it any thing like this?" opening his breast—"It was, indeed!—my brother, if living!" exclaimed she, and fainted away.—We both flew to her assistance, and in a short time life began to spread upon
her

her cheek, and to kindle in her eye, that alternately shone on her brother and me, in the course of a moment leaving the utterance of the tongue so far behind, that I should not wonder if angels only looked their words.— After we had composed ourselves a little, my brother in law conducted us to his own apartments, amidst the silent acclamations, if I may use the expression, of many people; even my fellow prisoners seemed to lose their misery in my bliss, which indeed I cannot paint. As my father in law is now reconciled to us, and hath sent us much more than we want, my brother, who has realized a fortune, is already returned from India, and languishes to see us. In consequence of this inundation of happiness, I gave an entertainment last week to every one that wished to partake of it; the intelligence I reserved as your portion, and believe me I never was more indebted to imagination in my life than
for

for little less than realizing you in my view—nor did her goodness stop here, for every night since, I have the pleasure of conversing with you in my dreams.—The morning was ushered in with a bloodless chase, you would be tempted to think that even Phœbus himself had risen earlier than usual to join in it. The dinner was served up somewhat in the antediluvian style, in the verdant lap of a lofty mountain, emphatically called the Valley, in the shadow of an old oak, in all probability planted in the age of Abraham; the patriarchs of the village sat beneath the largest branch of the patriarch of the woods; at intervals the “light fantastic toe” kept time to the softest touches of harmony—so enchanting the prospect on every side, that the desiring eye was never satisfied, but hung upon the object.—My present business is now to reward my friends, and to forgive my enemies, if I have any; nay, even the

Captain, who has fled, and of course escaped the punishment he deserved.

But can you think that they escape, who feel Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel, Which conscience shakes when it their guilt controuls, And spreads amazing terror through their souls.

"You may positively expect that I shall call to see you as soon as possible."

This story is absolutely founded on fact; that is as much as to say, that all the rest are false.

Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

"GOOD Heaven! how little do you know of your trade!"—"I do not intend to make a trade of it, at best I am but a holiday writer; besides, you know this is my first attempt, and would you have a man learn to swim before he gets into the water?"—

"True, but before you took such a work in hand, you ought to have studied Concetti in Italy, bon mots in France, genealogies in Wales, introductions in Holland, and dedications in Blarney."—"A pox on your Concetti, bon mots, genealogies, introductions, dedications, and artificial nonsense into the bargain"—What occasion for all those quotations? A word or two: A friend of mine, who has lately been presented to a small living,

being asked one day by one of his parishioners, as he had some time on his hands, why he never favoured his hearers with a sermon of his own composition? "I'll tell you what," quoth the parson, "there are a great number of excellent sermons already written, I am sure you would not have me write worse, and may I be doomed all my life to the drudgery of prayer if I can write better!"

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

I KNOW you like Strada, because he praised the women of Amsterdam—I admire his Latinity myself, but he is a first rate liar; and then he smells so strong of his profession that you cannot come within a mile of him.

I took great pleasure in conversing with the peasants—I was charmed with the spirit of industry that pervaded them, but I was sorry to find that with all their good sense they were rather superstitious; but why should we be surprised at that, when we are told that the present Emperor of Germany assured an English gentleman, that if he touched a favourite dog with the key of Saint Hubert, it would cure the poor animal of madness?

Mr. Freeman was very fond of agriculture, and used often to declare
H 3 that

that Mr. Young* ought to be crowned with gold. On his account, I do believe, he introduced the Suffolk breed of cows; but the fine long body, large carcase, clean throat, snake-headed, thin tail, and short head degenerated. He also intended to introduce some improvements in agriculture, but nodded his head, which I thus translated, "It is in vain to expect that any thing of the kind will attain that perfection of which it is capable, under the petty-fogging administration of Mr. P—."

I liked to pass what I called my lazy hours in castle-building, and as soon as I raised the airy fabric I used to invite all my friends to a treat in it; nor was music wanting to crown the feast, and imagination played her part so well, that I really thought I heard the full-swoln note glide over my ear.

—If the Queen of the Fairies invited
 to brief yet very much enjoyed it.
 *Author of the Annals of Agriculture.

that

2 11

us,

us, in an instant I obeyed the summons, called on the daffodillies to fill their cups with dew, and presented the fairest to the lip of her Majesty.

LETTER XIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HARRY was very docile, and very fond of reading, he could repeat the Arabian Nights Entertainments by heart—Hitherto he had only trod in the flowery paths of literature, I thought it time to put a Latin Grammar into his hands, but I was determined not to plunge him at once into it; I intended to lead him step by step, from nouns to deputy nouns, and as well as I could through the ungo-vernable particles—Syntax is truly called a tax on sin, but we got through it some how or other; and as to the gender of nouns, I know it is as difficult to get at the reality of some as it was at that of the Chevaliere D'Eon. To tell the truth, I had as great an aversion from Lily as my pupil, though

though grammar and magic were considered as synonymous in days of yore; and the old English poets tell us of many wonders performed by the noble art of Grammar.

Mr. Freeman paid a visit to a small estate which he had in Northamptonshire, whence he was so kind as to write me the following letter:

“ MY DEAR CHARLES,

“ This morning is very cold, I suppose I need not tell you, but as it is at my fingers ends, let it go down. Though I have an estate in this country I never was in it before, and I find it to be what I was always told it was—Here are no naked and craggy rocks, no rugged and unsightly mountains, or vast solitary woods, to damp and intercept the view, but a well-proportioned and becoming mixture of gentle risings and sinkings of the earth, of fields, and meadows, of pasture-grounds,

grounds, of woods, and streams of water, through the whole face of the country."

"Yesterday I had a prospect of forty-five churches and twenty-four towers.

"I know not how long I may be obliged to stay, as I find I have a good deal of business to settle.

"I am happy to find that Harry is making such improvements under you; I know you will endeavour to store his mind rather with ideas than words—conduct him by the hand through the devious paths of history, and if in the whole range you should be lucky enough to meet with even one good King, fail not to point out all the beauties of his character—inspire him above all with a love of liberty—let him read the life of Cato over and over again.

Nec Cato post libertatem vixit, nec libertas post Catonem.

"I shall

" I shall write to you again in the course of a few days—be so kind as to let me know that ye are all well, and that is the best news you can send to

" Your sincere friend,

" W. FREEMAN."

LETTER XV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NEED not tell you that I was very happy on the receipt of Mr. Freeman's letter, to which I wrote the following answer.

" DEAR SIR,

" I AM very glad to find that you have got safe to your journey's end, but let not the gently swelling hills and verdant vallies of Northamptonshire detain you longer than your business is settled, as we all long for your return; and though our humble plains cannot vie with those you tread on at present, the swains that inhabit them are as chearful and honest as any in the universe, I wish you could transplant the grove that is near Brixworth, or some of the trees, then our choir
would

would be compleat* ; perhaps there is some magic in the trees, bring a slip.

Harry is exceedingly fond of history, and when we meet with an interesting passage he transmits it to memory : of all the Tory historians, Hume in my opinion has intermixed the greatest good sense ; Robertson may be called the Titian of history. These three weeks past we have been in pursuit of a king, underneath whose name, I may write the following lines—

Jupiter vient sur la terre
Pour la combler de bienfaits,
Il est armé du tonnerre,
Mais c'est donner la paix.

* *The Nightingale*, a rare bird in the North of England, and not very frequent in the South, unless in some places, of which I may well be allowed to mention a small grove a quarter of a mile North-west of *Brixworth* for one. In that grove, for the compass of ground which is scarce three acres, there are in summer-time an incredible number of Nightingales : such a loud harmonious symphony they make, as has been heard, about and after midnight, to the very town, though at that distance.

MORTON.

But

But as yet we have not met with one who has written "a nation's history in their eyes." As often as we meet with a good priest, we divide our loaf with him.

"We have been on a visit at Mr. W—, and were delighted with the progress of agriculture, as we wandered along. —Of all the acts which were passed in the days of Queen Bess, that in favour of the plough (the 39th) pleases me most of all. We have just been reading the works of a man that is now reposing in his laurels—Andrew Fletcher of Saltown; Harry is enamoured with them, this is a proof that he is already inspired with a love of liberty—and as he advances, I shall take care to fan the flame. In the height of our merriment we miss you, for we know that you are an exception to that maxim of Rochefoucauld—" *La Veillesse est un tyran qui défend sur peine de la vie tous les plaisirs de la jeunesse.*"

Your

Your Sister and Harry write to you by this post—they join however in wishes for your health, success, and safe return.

" I am, dear Sir,

" Yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN the course of my rambles I got acquainted with Dr. Campbell, a worthy man—an able physician.

THE DIALOGUE.

Doctor.—Toleration. I do not know that any man should take upon himself to be the keeper of another man's conscience, except the present *pious* Lord Chancellor*—if a man chuses to sing psalms out of tune, and say his prayers according to act of parliament, why should he prevent me from saying mine in the manner I think most conducive to my salvation, according to my own opinion? As for me, I am too good a Christian to be of any sect.

Author.

*T—w.

Author. Well, Doctor, if you please, we shall shift the scene. Have you many remains of antiquity in Scotland?

Doctor. We have some--the Romans penetrated farther into Scotland than we are aware of.

Author. But Stillingfleet, on the authority of Tacitus, says, that in one campaign the Scots defeated twenty thousand Romans.

Doctor. I do not doubt it.

Author. I detest the name of the Romans; nor do I believe what Tacitus says, that his father-in-law devoted a whole winter to the instruction of the Britons.

Doctor. You know Tacitus was the encomiast of Agricola.

Author. In England there are several remains of Roman antiquity.

Doctor. Horsley has depicted a vast number of them.

Author. There is a reflection in Horsley that cannot be too much admired:

mired:—"Perhaps," says he, "it will be no disagreeable reflection to consider, while we are searching after Roman stations and military ways, how many fine towns and fruitful fields now stand in their place, and stop us in their pursuit: the exchange is doubtless very happy; and though it may afford an agreeable pleasure to an inquisitive mind to view those marks and traces of slavery and subjection to a foreign power, yet it is certainly a more substantial happiness to feel ourselves a free people, and to find our country in most parts a pleasant garden, instead of a series of Roman garrisons."

Doctor. A pleasant garden indeed, but there are too many weeds in it!

The Doctor entertained us one evening with a dialogue betwixt an English gentleman and the master of an Irish inn.

English Gentleman. Hollo, house!

Landlord. I don't know any body of that name.

English

English Gentleman. Have you got any good mountain?

Landlord. Oh, bless you, Sir! we have mountains in abundance, the mountains of Morin, Wicklow, &c.

English Gentleman. I mean wine.

Landlord. They say whiskey's the best wine in the world.

English Gentleman. That's a bull.

Landlord. No, Sir, it is a corkscrew (which he held in his hand).

English Gentleman. You are famous in this country for making bulls.

Landlord. No, Sir, but we are famous for making oxen.

English Gentleman. Have you a bill of fare?

Landlord. No, Sir; but the fair of Mullingar is to be on Friday next.

English Gentleman. Have you any wild fowl?

Landlord. Yes, but they are tame enough now; they have been killed these two days.

English Gentleman. How are your beds?

Land-

Landlord. Very well, I thank you.

English Gentleman. Have you any porter?

Landlord. Yes, Sir, I shall run and call Paddy.

English Gentleman. No, no, I want porter to drink.

Landlord. Egad he'd drink the lake of Killarney.

English Gentleman. Have you any foals?

Landlord. For boots or shoes?

English Gentleman. Neither, I mean fish.

Landlord. I ask your honour's pardon.

English Gentleman. Do you know of an honest attorney in this country?

Landlord. An honest attorney, Sir! I believe it would puzzle you to find one in your own country!

In his younger days the Doctor had paid his addresses to the Muses, but he used to say they jilted him. The reader, perhaps, will be able to form some

some idea of his poetical talents from the following specimen :

LETTER
TO PHILLIS.

Why do you fly me, gentle Phillis?
Have I a look like Doctor W-ll-s,
Or do you think I seek your ruin,
Am I a brute like Rollo Bruin?

Neither like Th—r—w do I growl,
Then listen to me, dearest soul.

'Tis not thy silky auburn hair

That wanders with the willing air,

Nor yet thy cheeks of roseate hue,

Nor yet thy eyes of heavenly blue,

That charm my heart and fire my breast,

And rob my days and nights of rest,

Its something else upon my conscience,

Then, hark'ee—yes, I knew you'd call it non-
sense.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Bernardus non vidit omnia.

NOW this very Bernard had so clear an eye, that he could see a flea in a flea's ear—I can prove it if you do not believe me. Why, then, do you think it extraordinary, that I did not see all those mistakes which you are so kind as to point out?

Mr. Freeman, the parson of the parish, and a few others, formed themselves into a society for the promotion of natural knowledge; I had the honour of being appointed secretary. Doctor Campbell filled the chair; our meetings were very regular and very well attended, such of the peasants as chose were admitted, and the good effect of our conversation

was

was every day more and more visible, it verified the truth of Mr. Ray's remarks :—" I have often found, " says " that ingenious philosopher, " men " that are not skilful in the history of " Nature, very credulous, and apt to " impose upon themselves and others, " and therefore dare not give a firm " assent to any thing they report upon their own authority, but are " ever suspicious, that they may either " be deceived themselves, or delight to " teratologize (pardon the word) and " to make shew of knowing things."— Let the wholesale, and even the retail dealer in miracles, together with all your purblind Antiquaries, read this : such, I repeat, was the good effect of our pursuits, that in our parish the witches no longer milked the tether, as they called it, and only one or two could transform themselves into hares, or ride on broom-sticks : as the fairies are harmless, they were permitted to dance their airy rounds as usual.

At

At this time a Danish gentleman paid us a visit: I never met with a youth of more amiable manners, in conversation a wit, in philosophy a sage, and in religion a saint—do not think I mean one of your kalendered saints, that spent the one half of his time in committing sins, and the other half in bewailing them. He had left his native country in pursuit of knowledge—His stay was short, and we were all sorry for it—as he was obliged to return to Denmark in a limited time—He promised, however, to pay us another visit in the course of the ensuing summer—about a fortnight before the time we expected him, the president received the following letter:—

*Nescio revera quibus verbis utendam,
ut pro merito tibi gratias agam, quod so-
cietatis sodalis nomine me honorasti; sic-
ut summum hunc favorem nunquam a te
meritis sum, ita et in posterum nihil
erit*

erit quod non faciam, et quo hujus beneficii me semper memorem esse non probem, hoc saltem primum erit, ut non indignum me tam illustri societa'tis membrum fore, studeam ne unquam te pœniteat me ad tantum honorem promisse.

Miratus vero sum, te nihil dicere quantum pecuniæ pro inscriptione dedisti, qua propter etiam atque etiam rogo, ut prima occasione hoc indicare velis, simulque admoneas, nonne liber sit editus.

Mense Octobri naves quædam directe hinc Londinum navigant, quando facillima erit occasio Vermes Xylophagos mittendi quos tunc variæ ætatis magnitudinis et speciei, una cum quibusdam observationibus supra œconomiam tibi mittam, nisi ægre feras me hoc tamdiu referre deterrimum et nobis infestissimum hoc animalculum quotidie copia augetur, et quamvis vivum instar glutinus appareat crassissimos durissimi quercu palos intramensum aliquot spatium corrumpet, et exedit: memorant historici mures et cuniculos quondam homines coegisse, ut e patria urbe migrare debuerunt ;

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I

sed

ed hi vermiculi forsan tempore nisi provideat Deus, ex hac insula expelleat incolas quos omnis procella instantem ruinam minatur, aut admonet; quod ad me, nisi jam vetus et amatissima mater, quæ sine patre me educavit, hic detineret extrema non exspectans in Britannia vere fortunatam insulam me jam dudum contulissem, si vero cegre ferres me ad Octobrem mandati tui executionem deferre, ut scribas etiam atque rogo, tunc statim illos mittam, ingenti autem copia nimis facile haberi possit.

Hiscæ vero, quas persolvo, gratiarum actionibus, non debitum me solvere credo, e contra spero et te precor ut occasionem præbeas frequentiore, qua rebus potius quam verbis hoc facere possim, et demonstrare neminem ad tua servitia usquam paratiorem esse, quam nominis.

*Tui cultorem indefessum, et tibi
maxime devotum,*

S. W. T.

Rusæ Nonis Aprilis.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE parson was very fond of hedging and gardening ; I have heard him say, that it was very likely the first idea of fortifications arose from the enclosure of a cabbage-garden—He had a good deal of what was called *shelf-learning* ; he could reason high of fate, free-will—and so far, like those in Milton, who took up the same subject “ found no end in wandering mazes lost.” Sometimes he would level his artillery against the church of Rome ; but I could discern, if he had power, that he would be as great a tyrant as the rest. Hector Boece, as I have already noticed, was his favourite ; Hector, we all know, was not content with smuggling Caractacus, but he even seized on Bo-

dicea, and carried her off by main force ; and if you brought a host of clumsy facts against the doctor, he would endeavour to put them to flight by some evasion.—I was amazed to find that national prejudice could have taken such root in the breast of a man of his understanding, but it has been said that strong minds will have strong prejudices ; I am happy to find that this prejudice of which I am now speaking is wearing away, and that every man, as Lord Chesterfield said, will *stand* on his own *bottom*, and be prized or condemned in proportion to his own merits or demerits, and that hereafter if we wish to form an estimate of man, it will not be asked on which side of the Tweed he was born. It was the policy of kings and nations, in a continual state of warfare, to cherish this illiberality in the minds of their subjects to such a degree, that some writers have not scrupled to call it patriotism. If we consider the continual
feuds

feuds betwixt the English and the Scottish nation till of late, it will remove a considerable portion of our surprize on this head.—Robert Bruce laid it down as a maxim, that the Scots should never consent to a *truce* (remember it was not called *peace*) with the English for any longer term than seven years. It is well known that foreigners are very well pleased with their visits to Edinburgh; the situation is romantic, the buildings are fine, and the improvements rapid; the inhabitants courteous. In 1739 Mr. Gale the Antiquary paid it a visit, and in a letter to his brother compliments the inhabitants on their urbanity and hospitality—yet, after all this, a friend of mine assured me, that he copied the following lines from a window at Belfort, the last town before you come to Berwick.

Cain in disgrace with heaven ret^urd to Nod,
A place undoubtedly as far from God

As

As Cain could wish, which makes some think
he went

As far as Scotland, ere he pitch'd his tent,
And there a city built of ancient fame,
Which he from Eden, Edinburgh did name.

Mrs. Gordon was called the House-keeper, though in fact she acted more in the capacity of cook. I made her a present of Hannah Glasse, which she read over and over again. Time began to shed his snow in her temples, but she would not believe her glass, though she consulted it as often as she had an opportunity: it was little less than high treason in any person to imagine she was old; naturally of a grave temper, yet if you mentioned the word matrimony in her presence, she was always sure to smile; and if you found her in good humour, she never failed to tell you of the number of lovers she had led captive in her youth, and the number of fine verses which the beauty of her person inspired.—Notwithstanding I read a good many
many

many of them, I can only recollect the following, written by the School-master of the parish.—

—— A damsel bright,
With apron blue and kercher white ;
With hand as brown as any nut,
Which shew'd she was no dirty slut,
Her brows were black, her eyes like floes,
Full kissing lips, and rosy nose ;
Her legs below her coats were seen,
With stockings red, and shoe-strings green.
She seem'd a wond'rous pretty wench,
Wholesome and sound as any tench.
Her hair in colour like Apollo's,
As gold it shone, the best of yellows ;
Her skin was smooth as alabaster,
Not fit for servant, but for master.

Yet, with all those fine compliments, she fell to the lot of a drunken shoe-maker at last, by whom she had an only son, who was snatched from the arms of an affectionate mother, in the nineteenth year of his age, by a press-gang ; and I don't find, upon enquiry, that he has been heard of since. As every patriot ought wish to reprobate

this mode of manning the navy, I cannot help adding, while my feelings are awake, the following extract from an excellent political writer, who really seems to have only one object in view—the good of his country :

“ A workman, in London, was apprehended by a press-gang. His wife and child were turned to the door by their landlord. Within a few days after, she was delivered of a second child in a garret. On her recovery, she was driven to the streets as a common beggar, She went into a shop, and attempted to carry off a small piece of linen. She was seized, tried, and condemned to be hanged. In her defence she said, that she had lived creditably and happy, till a press-gang robbed her of her husband, and in him of all means to support herself and her family ; and that in attempting to clothe her new-born-infant, she perhaps did wrong, as she did not, at that time, know
what

what she did. The parish officers, and other witnesses, bore testimony to the truth of her averment, but all to no purpose. She was ordered for Tyburn. *The hangman dragged her sucking infant from her breast, when he straitened the cord about her neck.* On the 13th May, 1777, Sir William Meredith mentioned this assassination in the House of Commons. "Never," said he, "was there a fouler murder committed against the law than that of this woman by "the law."—Such were the fruits of what Englishmen call *their inestimable privilege of a trial by jury!*

who are at this day held up as the favourites of Britain, and then say which of the two parties best deserved a halter."

FAREWELL.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

THE Latin is bald, not with age, I am sure : Will you subscribe towards a wig ?

You think then our jurisprudence ought to be purged, blistered, and bled too, not by a quack, even though he should have all the letters of the alphabet at his heels.—What does Hume say ? “ The proceedings of our criminal courts, at this æra, are so disgraceful, not only to the nation, but to human nature, that, as they cannot be disbelieved, I wish them to be buried in oblivion.” Let me add, a word in your ear, don’t let that ill-looking fellow hear us, *La plus grande partie des loix ne sont que priveleges exclusifs, c’est a dire un tribut de tous, à l’avantage d’un petit nombre.*

Mrs. Gordon,—don't disturb me, I have not done with her yet—valued herself highly on the length of her pedigree—she was very anxious to let you know there was a small sprig of nobility in her family, she was constant in her devotions, and judged of the talents of the preacher from the length of his sermon. In her person she was rather well made, her gait was not the most graceful, as one of her legs happened to be shorter than the other, or, if you chuse, one of them was longer than the other;—this, however did not prevent her from learning to dance: whether she excelled in the Doric or the Phrygian, I know not; but I was told it was in one of these moods she wounded the heart of Kenneth Mac Neil. Kenneth at the time might be about fifty years of age, well made, with a face as broad as a Cheshire cheese; I don't mean the one that was lately presented to his

his Majesty *. He could play a little on the bag-pipes, and as his mistress was fond of music, she would listen at intervals to his notes, but he was determined not to trust entirely to the voice of harmony, as he could write he was resolved to avail himself of the magic of the pen: the following is a literal copy of one of his love-letters,

“ MRS. GORDON,

“ I hope you wunna frown on thes few lines, which I ha contrived to slip into your fast hand. Every sigh comes frae the bottom o’ my heart, and I canna think on you without tears in my een. When I saw you dance the other night, I thought my heart would ha louped out at my mouth, and that was the reason I did na open my lips. I win na tel a lie,

* This cheese was made at Northleach, Cheshire, and weighed thirteen and half hundred weight, and was nine yards in circumference.

N. B. The Porter who carried it expected to be knighted.

so

so that I win na say I canna sleep
for dreaming, but when I do dream I
think I ha you in my arms, and just
as I open my een, I think I see you
fleeing away like a little bird—but I
canna catch you; I neither want your
gowd nor your geer, I only want your
bonny fel. I ha a snug hame to bring
you to, the meeting house is na far
frae my house, my black mare carries
double, and there is na a better preach-
er in the kingdom than our ane parson,
he has aw Ruffels seven sermons by
heart, it would gar you greet to hear
him preach; now if I could thow your
cawld heart, and that you would trift
to join with me in haly wedlock
bands—we'd ha a guid dinner, the
parson, the laird, and the latter gang
o' the haly rhyme should be present.
I'm sound, and in guid health, and as
David Lindsay says,

“I am so hardy, sturdy, strang, and stout,
“That out of hell the devil I dare ding out.”

Then

Then dinna delay any longer, but
listen to your ane

“KENNETH MAC NEIL.”

Kenneth consulted me on the surest
mode of carrying on the siege ; I gave
him the best advice I could, and pro-
mised to befriend him, and, as often
as I found an opportunity, I used to
dwell on his personal prowess in the
hearing of Mrs. Gordon, and some-
times I was so successful as to beguile
her of a few tears ; and in order to
cool his flame, as often as I met him,
I used to tell him all the tales that I
could recollect of widows, and the
tricks of widows.—I remember one
day I made a great impression on him
with the following passage, which
Apuleius spoke in his defence, “ How
poor soever a fair maid is,” said he,
“ she brings you a great dowry, the
flower and first fruits of her beauty,
an heart entirely new. It is with
great reason that all men of sentiment
set so high a price on virgin innocence ;
all

all other treasures which a woman brings, are of such a nature that the husband may restore them if he is unwilling to be obliged to his wife for them; she may withdraw them, she may recover them at law—virginity alone cannot be restored, but remains always in possession of the first husband: if you marry a widow, and she leaves you, she carries away all she brought with her, you cannot boast of retaining any thing which belongs to her.”—But our lover was determined to follow the advice of the poet:

LE VRAI REMEDE DE L'AMOUR.

Pour guérir de l'Amour, fuyez, fuyez les
femmes,
Contre ses traits, la fuite est un seur bouclier;
Si ce remede est vain, & n'éteint point vos
flammes,
Je n'en sçais plus qu'un seul, c'est de vous
marier.

IF

If love should wound, learn, learn to fly,
This has been found a remedy;
But if the flame should still endure,
Then wed—a never failing cure.

Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

A PRETTY bill of fare indeed !
what the deuce is this he is reading !
—silence—let him proceed :

“ Instructions again, rule to plead,
calling for plea and note, drawing
issue, paid entring, ingrossing on roll,
dogget and examining, notice of trial,
copy and service, continuing notice,
search for *latitat*, Judge’s summons,
copy and service, attending Judge,
lawyer attending, Judge’s orders, copy
and service, attending at office to see
if writ was brought, Sheriff’s fee, paid
Treasury fees, attending notice there-
on, the like again, containing notice,
drawing brief for trial, three fair
copies, attending witnesses several
times, the like again, *subpœnas* for
witnesses, four tickets, serving wit-
nesses, paid them with the tickets,
venire facias, return thereof and at-
tending,

tending, *babeas corpus*, return thereof, entering cause, ingrossing record, sealing record, fee attending passing record, going after one of the witnesses, then another, drawing affidavit of one being in the way, and the other out of the way; duty and oaths, attending court to put off the cause, counsel for motion and term fee, instructions again"—Oh! it was the d—l himself instructed you, and all your fraternity; and after all what can I do, the fellow has got the weather gage of the law, and he laughs at me.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHAT more last words! Is Kenneth to appear again? Once more, if you please, for the mere sake of variety, let us call him Mr. Mac Neil. —He could speak the Erse language; what is more, he could read it—I found several beauties in it, and my friend would fain persuade me that it was the purest dialect of the Celtic, he had composed several verses in it himself, which he used to read with a degree of rapture that bordered on enthusiasm. The old Irish, said he, boasted of many bards, but I know of only one in the whole tribe that I, even I myself, would wave my bonnet to, and that is O'Gnive; I was curious to know something of this *Olamb*, as he is called, and found that he was
family

family poet to the O'Neils of Clannaboy in Ireland; and as I have mentioned his name, I shall present the reader with a prose translation of one of his poems:

"Oh Erin*! Oh the servile condition of my dear countrymen! how languid their joys! how poignant their sorrows! the wreck of a party, their wounds still rankling—Why would you restrain my tears?" My blood flows from those wounds. Oh the unhappy crew of a vessel long, long at the mercy of a boisterous ocean, and finally cast away!

Are we not the prisoners of the Saxon Nation? The captives of remorseless tyranny, have they not robbed us of our liberty? have they not robbed us of name, least the nations surrounding, should commiserate our condition? Is not our sentence pronounced, and our destruction inevitable? Heart piercing thoughts! Our lau-

* The old name for Ireland.

rels torn, our glory eclipsed, our hopes vanished, our brethren banished, or led triumphant in chains!—Mourn, mourn—see power exchanged for domination and servitude, beauty for deformity, and the loud exultations of liberty for the pangs of slavery; a great and a brave people, for a servile desponding race! what do our struggles avail, what does it avail, that we stood in the pass,—and dyed our once native fields with the blood of our enemy! Scarce are we permitted to mourn the fate of those that fell in our cause, or to strew their graves with flowrets—the treachery of a few has been the ruin of thousands. How came this transformation, shrouded in a mist, which bursts down on you like a deluge, which covers you with successive inundations of evil? Ye are not the same people! need I appeal to your senses, but what sensations have ye left? Oh Erin, how dost thou
fit

fit like a widow lamenting the untimely fate of thy children!—In most parts of the island, how hath every kind of illegal proceeding seized on the pay of law and equity, and what must that situation be, wherein our only security (the suspension of our excision) must depend upon an intolerable subservience to lawless law?—In truth, our miseries were predicted a long time, in the change those strangers wrought in the face of our country. They have hemmed in our sporting lawns, the former theatres of our glory and virtue. They have wounded the earth, they have disfigured with towers and ramparts those fair fields, which Nature bestowed and adorned for the support of the bounding hind, the foaming courser, the bleating flock, and lowing kine,—That Nature who so lately poured her blessings with a lavish hand on this devoted island. She is now defrauded, and her blessings are wantonly counteracted.—Ireland is metamorphosed
into

into a second Saxony—The slaves of Ireland no longer recognize their common mother. She equally disowns us for her children, we have both lost our form, and what do we see—in-
sulting Saxon natives, and native Irish aliens, even those who were lately invited as our guests are now become our masters.—Hapless land! thou art a bark, through which the sea hath burst its way—we hardly discover any part of you in the hands of the plunderer. Yes, the plunderer hath refitted you for his own habitation, and we are new moulded for his purposes. Ye Israelites of Ægypt, ye wretched inhabitants of this foreign land! Is there no relief for you? Is there no Hector left for the defence, or rather for the recovery, of Troy? It is thine, O my God! to send us a second Moses: thy dispensations are just! and unless the children of the Scythian Heber Scot return to thee, old Ireland is not doomed to rise out of the ashes of modern Saxony?" Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

WHY do you mourn?—I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, and yet I think I can flatter you with the hope of better days—the sickly taper of superstition scarce glimmers in the socket—peace begins to spread her balmy wings—sympathy spins a finer and a finer thread, the poet no longer “meditates the thankless muse;”—and I hope the time will shortly come, that grim-visaged war will no longer dare to snatch the scythe from slow consuming time, and sweep, as he has hitherto done, contending millions to the grave. Kings at length begin to listen to the voice of reason, which cries to them in the words of Chatterleux, “Deceive yourselves no longer by judging of your
VOL. II. K power

power or your happiness from illuminated maps. Be particularly careful lest you conclude, amongst yourselves, those treaties of commerce, which only follow treaties of peace, in order to destroy them, like those worms, which sticking to the European ships on their return from America, eat into their sides. Or, if you should be obliged to make some reciprocal arrangements, let liberty be their basis; let all the nations be treated with equal justice. Be less anxious to procure peace by riches, than riches by peace. No more of these idle reservations of rights and preference; stipulate only for liberty; under her auspices every advantage will spring up; all will be prosperity; and, each nation having a great quantity of productions, and feeling the want of a great variety of other productions, commerce must be established, for the future, solely on the general welfare."

Harry

Harry took great pleasure in reading history, particularly that of the most interesting periods.—“ Truth,” says a plain but honest writer, “ is so seldom the object of the historian of his own times, that it has, for some years past, been a trite observation, amongst persons of information, that nothing is so false as modern history,” and he might have added the word *ancient*. With the impression of this truth on our minds, we took care to cross-examine every writer, though I must confess that to do that it requires, as Spencer says, a man of “ plentiful reading,” which I could not at the time, nor which I am sure I do not at present, lay claim to. In this delightful pursuit I snatched every opportunity of extending his knowledge of the Greek and Roman tongues ; and as Mr. Freeman was a perfect master of the English language, he took care to impress him with a just sense of its numerous beauties, and in so doing he

called in the aid of the immortal Sidney* and others.

* “ That acknowledging ourselves somewhat awry, we may bend to the right use both of matter and manner, whereto our language giveth us great occasion, being indeed capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say it is a mingled language: and why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? And that without those cumbersome differences of cases, genders, moods, and tenses. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world, and is particularly happy in the composition of two or three words together, near the Greek, far beyond the Latin, which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language. The Italian is so full of vowels, that it must ever be cumbered with elisions; the Dutch so of the other side with consonants, that they cannot yield the sweet sliding fit for a verse. The French in his whole language hath not one word that hath its accent on the last syllable saving two, called Antepenultima; and little more hath the Spanish. The English is subject to none of these defects, and we observe the accent very precisely, which other languages either cannot or will not do so absolutely.”

SIDNEY: *Defence of Poesie.*

As

As a proof that my pupil in a short time had made a considerable progress in the Latin tongue, not by following the ordinary methods of schools, I shall beg leave to lay before the reader the following translation of a passage in Arboises, just as it fell from his pen:

STORY OF ALANIC.

WHEN Ervos ceased—Alanic spoke as follows:—My father was king of Paphlagonia. He reigned in the hearts of his subjects; and as that ought to be the true ambition of every wise prince, if you make it the standard of their understanding, you'll find that there have been very few wise princes.

My father encouraged men of learning, and was learned himself; he superintended my education, pointed out the beauties of the best writers, the danger of flattery, and taught my heart to melt at the look of woe.—

Seventeen summers had now rolled over my head, I may say unperceived. I had four sisters remarkably handsome; I used to pass many hours in their conversation, and as a brother felt a secret pride in their understanding and refined taste.

My eldest sister came to me one morning, as I was amusing myself with my pencil, and spoke to me in these words:—"Dear brother, I understand that my father intends in the course of a fortnight to visit the city of Erythini, and that you are to accompany him; on your return call at Atha, and enquire for Suera, the daughter of Sensos, the oldest and the bravest general of our grandfather: our father is exceedingly fond of him, but could not prevail on him, these many years past, to come to court; fail not to make a present worthy a prince to Suera, the only daughter of Sensos, and the delight and comfort of his old age." I was not a stranger to the virtues

virtues of the old general, and I had often promised myself the pleasure of paying him a visit in his retreat ; hitherto I had not learned that he had a daughter, this was an additional inducement, as peradventure, said I to myself, her fortune may be slender, and how delicious to be the first to encrease it!—In a short time my father and I sat out on our journey—in looking over my map, I found that Atha lay directly in the way to Erythini, and I partly guessed that our visit to that city was not so much on business, as the pleasure of visiting our friends : I proposed to my father that we should stop a day or two in the neighbourhood of the good old soldier ; my father immediately assented to this proposition. When we came to Ullic, we turned to the left, not that it was the shortest road to Atha, but we looked on our map, and we found it was the pleasantest. The weather was fine, and the prospects so numerous

and diversified, that we could talk of nothing else—the birds sung, and the groves waved in silence, even the water-falls fell in melody—and the foam of Ajah resembled the flakes of new-fallen snow—our hearts were enchanted—In any other country the journey would be long.—The first night we slept at the house of a shepherd, the simplicity of his conversation delighted us, and the temperance of his board recalled the happy days of our ancestors.—The first was free from the poison of flattery, and the other from the poison of luxury.—It was with much ado that we could prevail on him to accept of a small present. His children gathered round us, and wept at our departure. The next day about noon, we reached the hospital abode of our friend, it was situated in one of the most delightful spots imagination can conceive.—The old man approached us with smiles; and such a venerable figure
I never

I never saw before or since; he resembled one of those fine paintings whose tints are softened by time: he led us into his garden, conducted us through his wilderness, and placed us in the arbour which he had dedicated to the memory of his wife: his daughter, his only child approached, in all the simplicity of dress—the softness of her voice, and the sweetness of her countenance, enchanted me; she presented us with fruits and wine. After dinner the General led us into his library, which was stored with excellent books, such as taught the passions to move only at the command of virtue—such as tended to enlarge the circle of the human mind, and to lengthen the plummet of philosophy—At other times this collection would have been highly pleasing, but I could only think of the beauty of Suera—when I slept I dreamt of her, and when I waked I dreamt of her—I could not prevail on her to accept of

any present, save a small book, which had been dedicated to me by my preceptor. At our departure, I watched her eye, but it sought the ground.

When we arrived at the city, we were received in the most joyful manner—but amidst all the beauties which crouded the theatre I could not find one equal to Suera.

I was invited to a sailing party, the day was fine, but unfortunately trusting to the judgment of the mariner who presided at the helm, we were carried into the main ocean, and seized by a pirate, who carried us into the bay of Antar.—Entreaties, prayers, and promises were in vain—Myself and my two companions were exposed to sale as slaves in the public market-place, and purchased a few hours after. Before the pirates conducted us on shore, they stripped us of our habits, and dressed us in miserable attire; I bore all those insults with a silent indignation, determined to conceal

ceal my quality till I had an opportunity of writing to my father. It was some consolation to learn that we were intended as a present for the prince of that country. The next day we were carried to the palace, and sent to work in the garden ; towards the cool of the evening, the Prince and his daughter approached—viewed us for some moments, and retired without saying a word. The princess was rather handsome, but appeared to be very haughty. Every day she came to visit us, and one morning condescended to speak to me,—all the time I was contriving how I might send intelligence to my father, but I was closely watched ; as often as I had an opportunity, I employed it in consoling my unhappy comrades : the charms of Suera filled me with the only pleasure I was capable of enjoying in such a state. Zimilon was the name of the King's eldest daughter ; he had another whom I never saw, as she

she was on a visit at a neighbouring court. He had also two sons, as despotic as their father, who spent their time in hunting and debauchery.

The princess sent for me one day, and desired me to take care of her birds, of which she had a great collection: this was an employment that gave me great pleasure.—One morning as I was covering their cages with flowers: “There is one,” said she, pointing to a bird, “which you need not be very attentive to, as it does not sing; I think I shall part with it, I only keep it on account of the person that gave it me, who caught it at sea.”—I pitied the little prisoner, and was, if possible, more attentive to it than usual. The princess noticed this, and desired that I should wring its head off. This command confounded me, for I could not think of executing such a savage command on the pretty flutterer that used to run into my breast as often as I took it on my finger. I therefore took it
out

out of the cage, and let it fly out at the window. Zimelon, enraged on finding that I had not obeyed her mandate, complained to her father, who ordered me to be cast into prison.

The dungeon was very narrow, and had only one window, at which my fellow slaves, or any other person but the gaoler, were forbidden to appear. The pangs which I felt in this situation cannot be described, nor shall I attempt the description; what surprised me was to find every morning some fruit in the bottom of the window, which refreshed me very much.

I remained in this dismal situation near three weeks—the turnkey entered one night, and addressed me thus: “ Sir, I have learned that you are the son of a king, let me unlock your fetters—follow me ;”—I did so. As soon as we had got at some distance, my comrades ran up and embraced me—no time to be lost; the gaoler led the way:—a small vessel lay

lay waiting in a creek—we all four embarked—fell on our faces—returned thanks to Heaven—rose and embraced each other alternately.—I thought I heard something like the flight of a bird, turned suddenly round, and felt the little bird I had enlarged on my shoulder, panting and breathless, I took it in my hand as gently as I could, and put it in my bosom where it soon recovered its spirits.

The next day I made a little cage for it, I saw that it endeavoured to sing, but could not; but how highly was I pleased, to see that all my companions were fond of it!—I enlarged it once more; I should have carried it with me, but I was afraid that in the conveyance it might meet with some accident, or that in the tumult of joy on my arrival it might be neglected.

Our misfortunes and happy escape were the theme of every conversation, and my father did not fail to punish the prince who had the temerity to detain

detain us in slavery.—His faithful subjects avenged our cause.—I did not fail to seize the first opportunity of visiting my beloved Suera : but how was my heart affected as I approached, when I was told that she had disappeared a few months since ; that it was not known what became of her, and that it was said her father had died of grief !—Scarce had I fortitude enough to support the melancholy tidings !—I was determined, however, to visit the harbour in which I first had the supreme happiness of beholding her angelic form. I called at the shepherd's in my way, and had the inexpressible pleasure of hearing that she was returned, and that the sight of her, unsealed her father's eyes, and called him back to life. The good shepherd pressed me to pass the night with him, but I was sorry to be obliged to refuse, though his smiling family joined in the request ; I promised, however, on my return, to pass more nights than
one

one under his humble roof. I travelled by the light of the moon, and reached Atha by the dawn; I waited on the general in his study, and, perhaps, it is enough to say, that he received me with all the tenderness of an affectionate father. When Suera made her appearance, how was I transported! I thought she was still more beautiful in my eyes than before. I related all that had happened to me, till I came to the command of the haughty princess, to wring the neck of the songless bird—I looked at Suera, the rapid succession of the lily and the rose on the loveliest of cheeks, convinced me that she was interested in my story: “But I could not,” continued I, “wring the neck of a little flutterer that spread its wings as often as I took it on my finger, and sought an asylum in my breast.”—At those words she fainted. As soon as she recovered she told the remainder of my story herself; this amazed me: my
curiosity

curiosity was raised to know how she could almost describe my very thoughts at the time ; till at length, after much entreaty, she satisfied me. " As soon," said she, " as you departed from this place with your amiable father, Carhissa the enchantress was displeased that you did not pay her a visit, she conceived that it was I that prevented you ; in consequence of which, she transformed me into a bird ; her power could go no farther, she deprived me of the power of singing—I heard of your going to sea, and as you are my prince, as a faithful subject I was resolved to learn your destiny. I flew over that arm of the ocean, on which I was told you had embarked ; quite exhausted I dropped on a vessel that was passing, the captain took me up, and sent me as a present to the hard-hearted Zimilon. Your tenderness to me in that situation sunk into my heart, but I could not express my gratitude. When in prison I contrived
to

to bring you some fruit—but the wand of Carhiffa is now broken, and I hope our sorrows are at an end.”—“Not so, my fair,” said I, “till Hymen has joined our hands.”—My father gave his hearty assent, and we are now the happiest pair the sun shines on.

LETTER XXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IF the reader will be at the pains to compare the foregoing translation with the original, he will find it a very faithful one; and I doubt not but he will have the candour to acknowledge that it is not easy to catch the old sleeping monk's, meaning in many places, an old hypocritic drone indeed, that seems to have stolen through the world with the sneaking pace of a pettifogging attorney.—The following may serve as a specimen of Harry's poetical

poetical talents—at the time I think
he might be about nine years of age :

To Miss EMILY S——.

If you pass by the water side,
Pluck not the rose or lily,
But let them flourish in their pride,
They think to rival *Milly*.

But let them strive and do their best,
They'll find themselves mistaken ;
If *Milly* should unveil her breast,
How soon they'd be forsaken !

But *Milly* trusts not to those charms,
Which time has in his power ;
A brighter thought her bosom warms—
Her mind's the fairest flower.

Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

COME then, dearest *Folly*, on thy Shandean hobby-horse,—and I shall get on mine ; let us fly these fellows—do you observe that chap in the corner, spinning cobwebs? to what an extraordinary length he has drawn that syllable, a special pleader I'll warrant. Who is that is endeavouring to catch a syllogism by the tail? that same person has been engaged these many years in a war with Common Sense ; you see he is endeavouring to confound what he cannot refute.—He is what they call a logician, his business is to prepare fetters for the human mind.—But who is he that is so intent on examining the pismire's eggs?—We call him the virtuoso, he has been just searching for the word *hospitality* in a Dutch dictionary. What thin being is that talking to himself, and rubbing

rubbing the palm of his hand? Oh, sir, that's a patriot, who has served his country to the last drop of his ink.—Above all can you give me any account of that fat little fellow drest in black? did ever you see so grave a countenance before? Never in my life.—Manny a fair reputation that very man has murdered, and as soon as he did it took shelter behind his countenance. His understanding is of a very moderate size; but to be malicious only requires a bad heart.

Petrus Waffelius has left a most minute journal of his life, so minute, that he has told us how often he washed his face, which I think was once a year: as he was fond of his native soil—and Bozzy, I am well assured, records his dreams, I hope then to escape censure, if after the example of these unweildy writers, I shall transcribe from an old pocket-book, a journal of seven hours, by which the reader may be enabled to form

form some idea of the manner in which I spent my time.

June 3.—Rose at seven o'clock in the morning—sorry I did not rise earlier, as the sun had dissipated the clouds. How pleasant to behold all nature reviving at his presence! Took a walk in the garden with Harry, pleased at his remarks on the colour mounting in a tulip,—a short conversation betwixt him and me, on the beauties of creation, the pleasures of solitude to a mind free from guilt, and the charms of a country life. Eight o'clock—Sat down in the summer-house, Harry repeated some lines out of Milton's morning hymn—took a walk in the fields—assisted a little girl to drive home her flock,—Harry enlarged three cows, which had been impounded for trespass, by paying the trespass-money out of his own pocket,—chid a little boy for striking a foal—conversation various.

Eight

Eight o'clock,—Returned, found Mr. Freeman in the parlour, told him in private that Harry had released the imprisoned kine.—The good man highly pleased at the conduct of his nephew.—Nine o'clock—Breakfast on the table, Mrs. Stanley rather unwell—some observations on the writings of Swift, and Sir William Temple; recollect that Mr. Freeman compared the stile of the latter to the easy pace of a giant; great integrity of metaphor.—Ten o'clock. Mr. Freeman proposed a walk to the meadow—Mrs. Stanley accompanied us—The smell of the new-mown hay preferred to the sickly sweets of Arabia. Various observations on agriculture, one of the most pleasing employments of a contemplative mind—Observations by Mr. Freeman on the powers of eloquence; tides of eloquence which have swept despots off their thrones, dangerous to a state, if wielded by an ambitious or designing man.

Eleven

Eleven o'clock.—Returned, Harry and I began to arrange our books—Mr. Freeman presented us with a map of India, finely coloured—travelled over the province of *Oude*, which was called the paradise of the ancients,—read a passage in Gibbon, a magnificent writer: Harry's observations on the use and abuse of tropes, excellent—Bayle's observations on St. Augustine, excellent. The Germans have produced some good poets, with respect to knowledge, an inquisitive race.—Twelve o'clock. Heard farmer Dickson tell the following story. A Doctor of Divinity in Suffolk had a large white horse, which he desired his servant to sell at the fair of Snape, in the same county.

Do you mean to dispose of this horse?

Yes, sir, it was for that purpose I brought him here.

Does he not belong to Doctor —?

Yes, sir.

I thought so.

Well, what must I give you for him?

Twenty pounds.

What induces your master to part with him?

—Why, fir, my master wears black cloaths you know, and you see the horse is white; his hairs stick to my master's coat.

Very well, any other fault?

Yes, fir. When my master rides out, he can be seen at a great distance, from the colour of his horse, and and the dress of the rider, so that the people run after him to bury and christen, by which means he is often disappointed of a good dinner.

Any other fault?

Yes, fir; he is apt, when he's crossing a river, to fall on his knees.

Very well, you seem to be an honest fellow; but is not sol. too much?

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L

My

My order is to sell him for no less.

Well, I believe I had better have him.

As soon as the servant had received the money, and delivered the horse, he went to a public house to refresh himself: scarce had he seated himself, when the purchaser came in quite out of breath; What, said he, the horse you sold me is blind of both eyes!

Yes, sir; (very coolly) that's another fault.

And—you, why did you not tell me so?

You did not ask me, sir.

Twelve o'clock.—Know not what to think of Doctor Johnson, if it be true that he asserted, that commerce did not enrich a nation, that luxury did not enervate a state,—and that Churchill was no poet.

Heard of a crowned head, that was very anxious to know how the wind got into a pair of bellows.

Heard of another crowned head, who asked, if a tiger was not a domestic animal.

Received

Received Harry's Euclid from Mrs. W——, who is always plaguing me for books.—Mem. She says that it is a very entertaining book.

Listened to Harry very attentively whilst he read a considerable portion of the life of *Savage*, that favourite of misfortune.

Read the speech of a member of the British senate, in which the celebrated orator insisted "that dogs and cats, and all such *Christians*, should be taxed."

One o'clock.—Read a page in a small book, said to have been written by John Bunyan, entitled "A Heel-piece for a limping Sinner."

Two o'clock.—Glad to hear Mrs. Stanley is better—Very well, Tertulian, bravo! Oh the wide throat of credulity! Shut your eyes close, close; open your mouth wide, wide; from ear to ear—I'll cram you—you must not touch it with your teeth: the cock of the school, and Thomas

Aquinas and all the hair splitters, have said it, and that's enough, enquiry is even worse than heresy. Turned over the leaves of a dictionary, in which among a number of foresfamiliated expressions, I found the following words, viz.

Gallop, a quick conglomeration of steps.

Fox-hunter, a guardian of geese.

Net, a reticulated, degussated, interstitial body.

Bellows, a vivissimilitudinal, pulmonic, pneumatic machine, whose component parts are ligneus, correus, and ferreous ; which, by dilation and compression, produces an emunctory propulsion of air, for the purpose of accelerating culinary process.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THERE were three animals I longed to see very much, that is to say, a Bear, an Ostrich, and a London Alderman. Naturalists have told us strange stories of the latter. Some say that he carries his brains in his pocket, like a crab; that he has guts instead of brains; that had he contended with Hercules, he would have carried away the prize of gluttony; that he is as ravenous as a shark, as stupid as an ass, as positive as a mule, that he would out sleep a grampus, and that he is as fond of tripe as a Hottentot. Nay, we are told that one of this *genus* mistook the three monstrous Craws (which were some time since exhibited in London) for the

three Graces. In short, I longed much to see one of them, provided his keeper was present. An opportunity presented itself of indulging this wish. Mr. W---l, a very respectable country gentleman, sent Mr. Freeman the following letter.

" DEAR NEIGHBOUR,

" As I never make any ceremony with you, I hope you'll do the same by me: Alderman ———, who is a distant relation of mine, has paid me a visit, and as he returns to town in a day or two, I should be very glad if you and your worthy family would assist in demolishing a round of beef on Wednesday next. I shall take no excuse. My best wishes attend your sister, Mr. N. and Harry.

I am, my dear Neighbour,

Yours, &c

W. W--L.

Monday Noon.

THE

THE ANSWER.

DEAR SIR,

“ I am very forry it is not in my power to accept of your kind invitation on on Wednesday next, as I have much business to transact that very day.— As you have a round of beef to demolish, I can send you two, Charles and Harry; and if they don't play their parts well, it will neither be your fault nor mine; they are young and healthy, and I shall wish them and all your guests a good appetite, and I know you will give a hearty welcome.

My sister is sorry she cannot join them, as she is slightly indisposed with a cold.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

W. FREEMAN.

My best wishes to your family.

L 4

On

On the day appointed, we got to Mr. W—l's, about two o'clock—dinner was on the table at three.—The Alderman entered: he was rather tall, with a nose that might supply a lamp of a dark night—and a large hospitable mouth, for the reception of travelling flies.—The length of his ears reminded me of Martial's *Ceinna*, but my attention was soon drawn from his person to the agility with which he handled his knife and fork. Good manners of course would only permit me to steal a glance—

Molares dentes sonant, caninus stridet,
Sibilat naribus: aurem utramque movet.

You'd die, if you should see his horrid meal,
And hear the action of his hollow gorge,
And crashing of his grinders, when wide stretch'd
His nostrils blow, and both his ears do move.

When hunger had called on thirst,
and thirst on hunger, and both were
fated, I wished to hear him speak; he
did so: but such a muddy influx of
pure

pure and unadulterated nonsense never escaped the lips of a land porpoise in a human form before.— A friend of mine, who happened to be present, wrote these lines on him, and though he is no poet, they are very descriptive of the subject :

Nor wonder not he's dull, and yet so proud,
The idol of a poor unthinking crowd ;
His soul perhaps a little grain of salt,
His body blubber, and his spirits malt.

Yet I must do him the justice to say,
that notwithstanding I had the courage to sit near him, he did not lay his paw upon me.

L 5 LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THAT's nothing to the point in question; it matters not if it was written upon *Phylira* in illuminated letters of blue and gold. Truth requires none of these meretricious illuminations—I say again, that mercy is all that should be left to the breast of a judge.—Of a moon-light night, Harry and I used to pass an hour, and sometimes more, in one of the neighbouring cottages, where the peasants used to assemble and amuse themselves with putting forth riddles. I recollect a good number of them----perhaps the following one will be sufficient by way of sample:----

In fruitful soyle behold a flowre sproonge
Disteyneinge gold, rubyes and yvorye;

Three

Three buddes it bare, three stalkes tender and
younge

One moare middle earth, one toppe that touche the
skye;

Under the leaves one branches brade and hye;
Millions of byrds sange shrouded in the shade.

I came anon, and saw with weeping eye

Two blossoms false, the third began to fade,

So as within the compass of an houre,

So wyther'd was this noble deinty flowre,

That no soyle bredd, nor lande shall loofe the like.

Ne no seazon, or soone soking showre,

Can reare agayne for prayer, ne for meade,

Woe and alas the people crye and strike,

Why fades this flowre and leaves ne fruit nor
seede.

Farewell.

LETTER XXVII.

WHY what is reason? It is, as I have already told you, the emanation of the Deity, the voice of harmony, order emerging from chaos, light springing out of darkness, the magna charta of mankind, and the true *criterium formæ*. Very well, let us go on. I cannot exactly remember the year; never mind, a story may be a very good one, though you can neither lay down the geography nor chronology of it.—In St. John's church, at Lyons, there was a chapel, very dark, opposite to a large sepulchral monument, crowned with the figures of the deceased, as large as life; encircled with several statues of armed men in a recumbent posture.

A foldier one day by mere chance walked into the church; the day was
very

very warm, and as he had been drinking a glass of wine with one of his comrades, the silence and coolness of the place invited him to sleep; he thought he might take a nap as well as the rest; for this purpose he stretched himself by his brother soldiers, as he thought, and in a short time found himself in his own kingdom. A good old woman, who had long since given up her conscience to Father Dominic, took it into her crazy pate to pay a visit to some old rafters of mortality, which passed for the bones of a miracle-working saint, whose name I cannot recollect. Madam hobbles in, mumbling over her prayers on a pair of beads as long as the chain of a jack. Having finished her devotion, she thought she could do no less than affix a wax taper, which she had lighted, to one of the images;—but as the good woman could not distinguish between a stock and a stone, she thought to place it on the front of
of

of the man of war. It would not stick, this she attributed to the cold; she thought it necessary to warm his forehead, she had not held it long, when our son of Mars started up, and with a horrible oath swore he would have her life; the candle dropt out of her hand, and she had power only to cry out, A miracle! Those that were in the church ran, some to ring the bell, and others to witness the miracle; the good woman led them to see the image, but the image had fled.—The people began to laugh; the clergy did not fail to improve the circumstance to their own advantage, by declaring that it was a miracle.—A couple of fat friars immediately took possession of the monument, and you may be assured they did not fail to gull the credulous visitants.

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

DO you often play on your invention? It is not easy to attune that instrument; and when it is attuned, it is not every finger that can touch it with art.

I had heard a great deal of what is called knowledge of the world. Hitherto I had only conversed with shepherds as silly as their sheep with regard to this science. In all the maxims of Bzeliwitz, I had only adopted the following:—

1. Never place any confidence in the promise of a man in power.

2. If a woman should fly, never fly after her; she only flies to draw you into a snare.

3. Do not suppose that learning and
good.

good sense are always to be found under a hairy mow, that is, a big wig.

Be always on your guard with a great body of divinity, especially if his hat is cocked in the following form:

a b r a c a d a b r a c a

b r a c a d a b r a c

r a c a d a b r a

a c a d a b r

c a d a b

a d a

d

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

—AMBITION, thy garlands are all stained with blood.—Turn over that page, and see the effect of ambition in *one* man, if it is fair to call him a man; but in my opinion he ought to be called a monster. What was the effect I say? The period I allude to is almost in our own memory. See India usurped; Sicily surprized by treason; Naples by breach of contract; Navarre by the excommunication of the lawful Prince; Portugal oppressed by the sword; the pretences of Parma and Braganza refused to be judged; the Valteline passed under colour of religion; Acon deprived of the liberty of conscience; Holland surrounded; the crowns of Bohemia and Hungary,

gary entailed; the Palatinate seized by the auxiliaries; the posts and fortresses of importance held in hostage; the Rhine passed over under the favour of a treaty; Embden attempted; Venice conspired against; Piedmont assaulted; the flame of war twice kindled in France, and the Pope, the good old Pope, blowing the bellows as fast as he could: can you deny this? but can you point out the remedy? I must leave that to wiser heads—all that I shall say at present is, that *Ragion di Stato* is very different from that reason which it has pleased the Almighty to bless many with.

Thomas (the shepherd) said that the finest preacher in the world was to hold forth the next evening in his uncle's barn, that he was next to John Wesley himself.—I had no great opinion of Mr. Wesley himself, much less of any one of his gang; at the solicitation, however, of Mrs. Howard, I accompanied her to the preachment.—

The

The barn was crowded,—the preacher mounted the stool; a tall meagre figure, lank locks, cut in a peculiar manner, swivel eyes, wide mouth, and rusty teeth.—He was originally bred a taylor, and drew most of his similies from the shopboard.—Let the reader judge for himself, for the following is a faithful extract from the sermon or discourse which he delivered on the occasion:

“ Oh! my beloved brethren, not forgetting our sisters, do not think I come here to cabbage your affections with fine words—No, I shall leave them to your young parsons, whose tails have been just cut by some bishop or other.—Oh! your hearts are as hard as a cobbler’s lapstone, but before I leave you I shall make them as soft as a boiled turnip—I shall blunt your desires, stitch you to one another, press you till you shine with the gloss of grace, then you shall be mine every stitch of you.—Beware of idleness,
--idleness,

—idleness, it is said, will cover a man with rags; but I say it will cover him with nakedness—but you know not the idleness I mean, you must be always praying.—Though the devil, has a cloven foot, that does not hinder him from rambling, he is always on the tramp, with a suit of lies full trimmed.—You must be careful that he does not take measure of you.—Good works are nothing—faith is all.”

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU mistake me, if you think I am an enemy to form; but I would have those forms founded on good sense. Lord Bacon tells us of a Welchman, that supposed the Judge was a fortune-teller, from the ceremony of the criminal holding up his hand at the bar—Butler had this in his eye perhaps*.

Dick paid us a visit agreeably to his promise.—Hold, hold, do not stop me; strike, but listen to me, “who is this Dick?”—“I will tell you at another

- * “He must at least hold up his hand,
- “By twelve freeholders to be scann’d;
- “Who, by their skill in palmestry,
- “Will quickly read his destiny,
- “And make him glad to read his lesson,
- “Or take a turn for’t at the session.”

Hudibras, part 2. Canto 3.

time.”

time.”—“ Have you looked into Anne of Arragon?—you will find every word I said to be true.”—“ We are all attention—you are always making a noise,—prithee, Tom, be quiet.”

In the city of Saragossa there was a merchant, with a soul as narrow as if he was bred in a Dutch counting-house.—He was a great devotee, but could never be prevailed on to give any thing to the good monks, who endeavoured in vain to convince him that St. Anthony could not listen to one of his prayers, unless he was kind to the clergy.—Death at length paid him a visit; the priests got about him, and frightened him out of his senses; he was sadly posed: “ If I give all to ye,” said he, “ my wife and children will starve after my death”—No, no, no, was the general cry, our blessings and prayers will prevent that. “ Well,” said the dying man, “ I have a very good horse; it is my desire that he may be sold, and the money arising

sing from the sale distributed amongst ye." This seemed to satisfy the hungry pack a little.

A few days after his interment, his wife called in an old faithful servant; "You know," said she, "the dying injunction of my dear husband, it is fit that I should obey his last request; you recollect that he desired that his horse should be sold, and the price distributed amongst the Mendicants; the poor man conceived, in so doing, that he made a sacrifice to Heaven, in giving after his death a sum that he denied to himself and his family in his life--a great sum indeed! Now, I tell you what you must do; take the horse to market, but take care and take that cat with you at the same time, and when you are asked the price of the horse, say a ducat, but be sure you add, the horse cannot be sold without this cat, for which I demand twenty-nine ducats." the servant soon found a purchaser on those terms. The Mendicants soon assembled,

sembled; the good woman told them she was ready to give them every farthing which the horse brought, on which she reached them the ducat, and begged they would divide it amongst themselves as they thought proper: she did not think it necessary, however, to inform them, that by putting the cat in the same sale, madam pufs had brought twenty-nine ducats.

Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

OH, lovely woman! made to temper man, to soothe him in affliction, to enliven his joys, to watch over his slumbers, to sweeten his dreams, to refine his taste; for thee the shuttle takes a bolder flight, and dares to emulate the glories of the sky; for thee the ruffle shades the hand; for thee the spring calls forth her ever-varying charms; for thee the polyanthus, amorous of every die, expands her silken leaves; for thee the fops too lead ambrosial lives; and for thee, alas! when thy snowy neck is bent to the matrimonial yoke, the hazel swells to the thickness of thy tender spouse's thumb, if a learned Judge is right*.

Dick Johnson in his person was a very agreeable young man, sung with

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some

* B—r.

some judgment, and danced with a graceful air.—He had spent his little patrimony almost as soon as he came into possession of it. He was prosecuted, or rather, as he called it himself, *persecuted*, by a clergyman with so much rigour for shooting a hare, that he waged war ever after against the whole profession.

Author. But surely it is not fair nor just to involve the whole body in the remissness or crimes of the minority.

Johnson. I know it is not fair, but on examination I think you'll find your minority the majority.

Author. I cannot be persuaded of that; I know of no class of men so useful as those who watch over our morals, and dispense the purest precepts of religion.

Johnson. And you ought to add, that set a good example.—But what do you think of those that preach up charity and forgiveness on Sunday, and who spend the six days following
in

in open contradiction of those precepts?

Author. I hope there are not many of that description.

Johnson. I am afraid there are too many.

Author. But you should draw the line of distinction—you are like the lover in the play, who, on being disappointed in the good graces of his mistress, cried out, “I could leave the world for him that hates a woman.”

Johnson. I wish to draw the line of distinction; I could lay down my life for a worthy clergyman—but I have held up my hand at the altar, and will not violate my oath. Have you read the Romance of the Rose?

Author. I have seen it once: it was written by Jean de Meun.

Johnson. It was begun by William de Lorris, and finished by John Choppin, otherwise John Moone of Meun, upon the river Loire.

Author. You see how many good poets have been born on the banks of rivers. Part of this poem was translated into English *. Was not Gerson a pious good christian?

Johnson. It must be confessed he was of a very *forgiving* temper. If I live, I shall translate that work; there is a very fine copy of it in the French King's library, but I am told the finest is in the British Museum †.

Author.

* Part only of this Poem was translated into English metre by Chaucer. The author exposes and inveighs so bitterly against the then reigning hypocrisy of the clergy, that he became odious to that body, insomuch that Gerson, Chancellor of Paris, says, that if there was no more than one copy of the *Romeaunt of the Rose* in the world, and he was possessed of it, in case he might have 500l. for it, he would rather burn it, than take the money. And he thought that if the author did not repent him of the book before he died, he would as soon pray for him as he would for Judas Iscariot.

URRY.

† " This manuscript (the Romance of a Rose) is so richly ornamented with a multitude of miniature paintings, executed in the most masterly manner

Author. Is it finer than that in Gray's Inn library?

Johnson. The Gray's Inn copy is at least as correct, but the illuminations are not so fine.

Author. Has Mr. Langlet Dufresnoy noticed either of these copies?

Johnson. I believe not.

As I have mentioned this poem, I shall conclude this letter with the portrait of Lady *Idleness* out of it, by which the reader will judge of the poet's powers of personification:

“ Il paroist bien à son atour,
Qu'elle étoit pou embesoignée.
Quant elle s'estoit bien pignée,
Et bien parée & aornée,

Si

manner (each chapter of the book having prefixed to it a picture explanatory of the subject) that it is not to be exceeded by any known manuscript in this or any other library (the British Museum) and is probably the copy which was presented to King Henry the Fourth, the blazon of his arms being introduced in the illuminations; with which the first page of this work is embellished.”

Si estoit faite sa journée,
Moult avoit bon temps & bon May
Quant n'avoit souci, ni esmay
De nulles riens, fors seulement
Penser à son aornement."

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I GRANT that he is one of the first word fanciers in the kingdom; but I am certain, were he to do an honest action, he would not do it in an honest manner; nothing of the manly or open about him.

Mr. Freeman, in order to enlarge the circle of our amusements, proposed to build a little theatre, in which such plays only were to be represented as tended to "raise the genius and to mend the heart."—As I had built a great many castles in the air, I formed the model in pasteboard, which was very much approved—the ground on which it was to be raised was laid out—Kenneth Mac Neile engaged to superintend the building as soon as the workmen could be spared—Mrs. Gor-

M. 4.

don

don was pleased with the project ; and the parson hoped, through the medium of it, that the old diversion of the abbot of *unrule* or *unreason* would be revived. I saw that we should have some difficulty in the choice of the first play ; Romeo and Juliet was my favourite, but Mrs. Gordon thought it was too full of love. Kenneth was for Patie and Roger, and Dick thought that Newbly's old poem of Saint Anthony's pigs might be dramatized at the expence only of a little time.—I never read the poem, but on looking into the Repertorium Londinense, I found the following passage, which in all probability gave birth to it:—

MENDICANT PIGS.

“ The Proctor of this Hospital, (St. Anthony's, London,) used to collect the benevolences of charitable persons, towards the building and supporting

porting thereof. And among the things observed in my youth (saith Stowe) I remember that the officers take from the market-people, pigs starved, or otherwise unwholesome for man's sustenance; they slit it in the ear. One of the Proctor's of Saint Anthony tied a bell about the neck, and let it feed among the dunghills, and no man would hurt it, or take it up; but if any gave them bread, or other feeding, such would they watch for, and daily follow; whining till they had something given them. Whereupon was raised a proverb: *Such a one will follow such a one*, and whine as it were like an *Anthony's pig*; but if such a pig grew to be fat, and came to good liking, (as oft times they did) then the Proctor would take him up to the use of the hospital."

Mr. Freeman left those matters entirely to ourselves, Kenneth acceded to every thing that Mrs. Gordon said; you may be certain this gave her a

high opinion of his understanding, and it was now thought that she intended nothing less than to make him happy ; when oh ! dire to tell, by some mischance or other, he happened to fully her virtue, which broke off the match ; don't misunderstand me, gentle reader, you should put the best construction on every thing ; a lady's needle work in Scotland is called her *virtue*.

Farewell

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SUCH a figure was never exhibited
before,

The head of a hall,
The eye of Ireland,
The front of a battle,
The mouth of the Danube,
The breath of Spring,
An ear of wheat,
The beard of a hook,
Neck or nothing,
A tongue of land.
The fide of a country,
Un cul de sac,
Des parties d'Apoticare,
An arm of the sea,
The foot of the Alps,
Bone of contention,
Fat of the land,

Veins

Veins of marble,
A chancery Suit,
The cape of Good Hope.
A pocket of hops.

He came in with a smile, and went off
in a clap of thunder.

But what became of the Theatre?
I shall tell you more of that here-
after.

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

To Thomas L——.

I'VE known a thousand in my time,
 —This line must come in for the rhyme:—
 Who would not part for all their cant,
 With half a *sous* to ease your want.
 Yet come, and ask their kind advice,
 You'll find they'll give it in a trice.
 In this I don't include your doctors,
 Your lawyers vile, and viler proctors;
 For they can neither hear nor see,
 Unless they touch the magic fee.
 Think not, my friend, I'm one of those,
 Then let us hear what you propose;
 You have, you say, a fav'rite son,
 A fav'rite sure, as you've but one;
 The statue's in the block as yet,
 You wish that he may prove a wit.
 Your wish obtain'd, look to the end,
 Name me the wit, that kept a friend;
 In church or state he'll never rise,
 There dunces bear away the prize.
 What bishop in his wide domain,
 E'er lik'd to see a genius reign;
 A man of genius and discerning,
 Would soon espy *his* want of learning.
 Perhaps he'd take it in his head,
 To paint the lazy life he led.

In

In state, pray would a genius truckle,
 At levees cringe, bow to the buckle ;
 Thro' thick and thin dash like a night-man,
 Stript to the skin, Oh ! that's a right man.
 I think, I hear you say I jest,
 Ask R—e, for he can tell you best.
 If you would rise in church or state,
 There's nothing like an empty pate ;
 A conscience that will run on castors,
 A servant to successive masters.
 A back at once that bends and bears,
 With half a score of T—w's tears.
 But if you find your son has parts,
 You send him strait to court the arts ;
 And should he wed them, where's the dow'r ?
 They're pleasing while his youth's in flower ;
 But when old age demands her nurse,
 If sold, they'd scarcely fetch a curse.
 You nod your head, a poor amount :
 To turn his talents to account,
 Make him a fidler or a dancer,
 And I'll engage you'll find it answer.
 Let dullness be your constant wish,
 In church then he may be a Bish.
 Or if he is a judge of liquor,
 A dean, a rector, or a vicar.
 In state, he may out-rival R—e :
 If he should fail in both suppose,
 Why, to a special pleader bind him,
 How soon a man of wealth you'll find him ;
 Or stupid as a dromedary,
 He'll make a CHARMING Antiquary.

THE

THE SOLILOQUY.

Oh ! Elvina, do I forget thee in the midst of all my pleasures? but can I really call them pleasures, when thou art not present ! Must I never behold thee again ? Oh ! that I could deceive myself, that I could soothe myself with the hopes of gazing on thee once more ! I should summon all my courage, I should tell thee how dear thou art to me ; but where should I find words to convey the purity of my flame ? Words at best are but the cold interpreters of a lover's thoughts. If love is a crime, let me be tried ; let me be convicted ; let the punishment be nothing less than death. but, Elvina, the sentence must flow from thy own lips : — elu ive hopes perhaps thou art now in the possession of another ; I cannot bear it ; I cannot think of it ; — distraction !

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YES, but I abominate your time-servers, deputy time-servers, and time-servers in expectancy.

—One morning as I was taking my accustomed walk along the margin of a winding rivulet, that flowed over silver sands and polished pebbles,—methought I heard a voice, the voice of a female too, and one that seemed to be in deep distress. I stopped, listened; and directed my steps towards the place whence it came.—I had not walked far, when I espied a little girl under a hedge, leaning her head upon her hand;—I sympathized in her distress, though I did not know the cause, and yet I took a kind of pleasure in drinking in her accents, they were so sweet; they flowed from the heart, and were addressed to a pretty

pretty little dog that stood at her feet.—She heard my foot, and raised her head; she wiped her eyes with her hair, that fell down her shoulders; but her tears continued to flow; and there was so much innocence in her countenance, that I could have wept along with her. Tell me, my little girl, why do you weep; what's the cause of your sorrow? My mother, sir, will not let me keep this little dog, and I was told this morning, that she gave a penny to Jem. Black, to hang it; but if my *own* mother was alive, Watch would not be hung, nor ill-treated neither. What's your father's name? Thomas.—And his present wife is your step-mother? Yes, sir. Here she wept afresh, and the poor dog looked up to her, as if it said, I know the cause of your grief; I know that it is about me you are crying.—I brought her home with me. Mrs Stanley sent for her and Watch into the parlour, and offered
to

to keep both, which the little girl's father gladly consented to, and in a very short time, Sally and Watch were great favourites with every one in the house.

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

—RIGHT is a moral, and not a physical term ; for the present we shall not dispute about terms. The only right a man can acquire in a land by conquest, " as a friend says," is to be hung up in the most conspicuous part of it.

I wish to submit the following queries to your consideration, ere I proceed any farther :

1. Should a man be trusted alone with a bottle of good old port, who has drank out one eye, and the other on the sloop ?

2. What am I to think of the feelings of a lady, who can slice an onion, without shedding tears ?

3. Is it not the opinion of the learned, that the mustard pot and the salt-seller are cousin-germans ?

4. How

4. How many swallows make a summer?

5. May not a lady elope with her footman, when she has attained the years of *discretion*?

6. Is it necessary to purchase candles in this enlightened age? perhaps the good people of Birmingham, can answer this question.

Farewell.

LETTER XXXVII

MY DEAR FRIEND,

NON palma sine pulvere : I have seen the motto on a dustman's cart, and do you know that plaguy dustman has blinded the eyes of never so many.

As I had made a vow to wed the lovely image and remembrance of Elvina, and as I had prevailed on reason to bear witness to it, I began to look on Larchdale as my home. As I have already toldt he reader that I was secretary to our little philosophical society, I devoted a considerable portion of my time in transcribing the observations of its members into a book, which Mr. Freeman presented them for that purpose. Harry occasionally assisted, and his remarks often surprized

surprized me, they were so far above his years—strange as it may seem, I can't say that I was always pleased with this: there seems to be something so physical in the human mind, that I have known several of your early geniuses sink into downright dunces. It is said the grapes of Java are ripened in too warm a sun, and the vines of Baccharah require so much attention and cultivation, that the labour is seldom or ever repaid.

My heart was filled with all the affection of a brother for Mrs. Stanley; she was sensible of it, and returned it; and Mr. Freeman watched over me with the kindness of a father: our amusements were innocent, our conversation rational, our pursuits worthy of rational beings, our diet wholesome, our dress simple, our manners unaffected, loving and beloved by the whole neighbourhood.

But what is the lot of man in this transitory world! In the midst of pleasures

pleasures we are in sorrow; scarce
can I hold the pen,—I must defer what
I intended to say in this letter, to my
next.

Farewell.

ADVERTISEMENT

It was the intention of the Author to have published
in this volume, a number of letters, which he had
written to his friends, but which he has now
decided not to publish.

End of the Second Volume.

THE HANDING INWARD.

pleasures we are in possession of, and I am
certain that the public will be interested in
the history of the nation, and the progress of
the arts and sciences.

London.

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*It was first intended to publish this work
in four volumes, which entirely depends on
the reception these two may meet with from an
indulgent public.*



